The Bystander, March 24, 1920. No. 851. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

"BORED TO TEARS"

BY ALFRED LEETE

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541. 2.30 and 7.45.
KARSAVINA in J. M. BARRIE'S "Truth about the Russian Dancers"; GEORGE MOZART; RENEE KELLY; BERT GILBERT, etc.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. Gerrard 650.
At 2.30 and 8.30.
THIRD EDITION OF "JOY-BELLS!"
ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
GEORGE ROBEY, Daphne Pollard, Etc.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn Tube Station.
Matinées, Daily at 2.30.
Next Week, SYBIL THORNDIKE in
"MEDEA" Mon., Tues.; "Candida" Wed., Thur.; "Trojan Women" Sat.

PALLADIUM. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, March 22.
GABRIELLE RAY, WILKIE BARD, GEORGE CARNEY, MAX DAREWSKI, ERNEST HASTINGS, JAY LAURIER, WHIT CUNLIFFE, MAIDIE SCOTT, FRED SILVESTER & Co., Varieties.

ADELPHI. Gerrard 2645.
"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. and Easter Monday at 2.

ALHAMBRA. Daily 2.30, 3.30 and 8.30.
D. W. GRIFFITH'S Latest Wonder
Photo Play
"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

COURT. Sloane Sq. Station. NIGHTLY at 8.30.
Miss EDYTH GOODALL presents
"THE YOUNG VISITERS."
MATINEE EVERY WED., THURS. and SAT. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
The GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
Under the Direction of ROBERT EVETT.
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast
NIGHTLY at 8. MATS., TUES., SATS. & EASTER MON., at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 314). MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." (Last Week).
MARY GREY as PORTIA.
Nightly at 8. Matinees, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

GLOBE. ('Phone Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET." (Last 2 Weeks).
ARTHUR WONTNER. NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC. Gerrard 3687.
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat. and Easter Monday at 2.15.

QUEEN'S. Gerr. 9437
Owen Nares in
"MR. TODD'S EXPERIMENT."
A Comedy in 3 Acts by Walter Hackett
Evenings, 8.15 Mats., Thurs. and Sat. and Easter Monday at 2.30

STRAND. (Gerr. 3830.) GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in
"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN,"
A Comedy in 3 acts by A. E. THOMAS.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

New Subscription Rates as from the issue dated January 7, 1920, inclusive:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£2 19 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 9 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 14 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

In all cases including Postage.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (viâ Panama) or by Orient Line.

Apply P. & O. or BRITISH INDIA Freight or Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)

FOUNDED 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER. Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand.

WILL YOU HELP THE

CHURCH ARMY

Our Huts and Tents are still serving the Armies of Occupation whilst

AFTER-WAR AID

is now being given by many branches, helping Disabled and Discharged Men to re-establish themselves, and easing distress and difficulty wherever found.

THE NEED IS GREAT.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

SOOTHES, HEALS, AND BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN DURING WINTER.

Prevents and Removes Freckles, Spots, Redness, and Roughness. Cures and relieves Chaps, Irritation, Chilblains, Eczema, and all cutaneous eruptions. Produces soft fair Skin, and a lovely delicate complexion. Sold in 2/6 and 5/- bottles by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

JIG-SAW PUZZLES.

BUY FROM THE MAKERS.

New Jig-Saw Puzzle List.

2s. to 40s. Post Free.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY,

190, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Civil Aviation

ONE wonders what people did in the evening, before the invention of whist (to say nothing of bridge and the fox-trot). One presumes that they played parlour games, and finds that they have bequeathed us a good many. But they forgot one, which we incline to call "Government," when we should all say what the Government ought to do, the prize going to the most public-spirited. Some of the answers might not be public-spirited, and doubtless the aeroplane manufacturers would be quite out of it. They seem to have employed the week in raising a frightful to-do because Mr. Churchill bluntly stated in Parliament that civil aviation must look after itself. We do not always agree with Mr. Churchill, but in this case can discover no flies upon his oratory. What else do the aeroplane makers expect? It is all very well suggesting that if the taxpayer does not help them we shall have no new models, no planes for the next war . . . . but are not the motor manufacturers, the button-stampers, etc., entitled to say that if you and we refuse them a subsidy the next war will see us tankless and without a button? Mr. Churchill has acted courageously

'Ware Pussyfoot

A FEW months ago it was whispered that Mr. Lloyd George had in his strong-box a Licensing Bill. We were beginning to hope that the key had got lost, for at bottom we don't care much for Licensing Bills: they never seem to remove the water from the whisky, and they show a growing tendency to make us swear our affidavit and to produce our vaccination certificate before we can slake our thirst. Rumour, however, is already busy with the Bill. The more authorised are suggesting that Pussyfoot is at work through local option, *i.e.*, localities may have a right to cancel licences by taking a vote. This sounds fair, but it's subtler than it looks: suppose Surrey went prohibition, the thirsty frontiersmen of Surrey would cross the border into Kent, there to spend fruitful hours. They would produce a nuisance which would urge Kent into prohibition. Then Kentish thirsts would be soothed in Sussex. Sussex would pussyfoot. And so on. Let us be awake to this, and even if we can't stop it, let us make it clear to our Members that we're not going to be ruled by a majority of one. It's hard enough that the majority should rule at all, but, if it must be, then let us make it a majority of four to one.

By Fred Buchanan

THE RT. HON. WINSTON HARRY WELL-DONE
"The P'lice'll 'ave me before long"

Comrade Haldane

THE Labour Party seems to be adding coronets to the kindness of its heart. Already it owned the allegiance of one peer and two peeresses: now we are wondering where Lord Haldane stands. Is he red or true blue? Or garbed in parti-coloured red and blue, suitable for sitting on the fence? Let him not protest, for a noble Lord cannot commit himself to saying that "the principle of nationalisation should be treated as admissible," unless he is willing to be classified with Mr. Hodges and Mr. Smillie; if Lord Haldane chooses to go Labour, that is his business, but red is red, and he cannot water down into azure that emphatic colour. In a sense, one would like to behold some such definiteness in Lord Haldane, for the possibilities of a Labour Government would be assuaged by his occupancy of the Woolsack. Unless he resolved to live up to his part and, clay pipe in mouth, pint pot by his side, imparted to the Gilded Chamber a democratic and convivial air. He might even do away with the draught.

The Trouble in Berlin

NOTHING was more surprising about the Berlin *coup d'état* last week than that anyone should have been surprised at it—or something like it.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

By Fred Buchanan

UNDER WHICH HAT?

On certain days, about a year ago, one had only to look across the bridge at Düsseldorff to see what Germany, left to her own devices, meant. A howling, rioting mob of Spartacists and a herd of frightened citizens were on one side of the Rhine, and on the other a peaceful, busy lot of folk conducting their business in the perfect security afforded by a handful of Belgian soldiers. I was then staying in Cologne, where the British were running things as quietly as though they had been there since the year one. There could be no doubt about it, the vast majority of the Germans welcomed the Army of Occupation with open arms, simply for the security it gave them from violence and trouble of all kinds, and for the consequent opportunity of getting quietly and quickly back to work and business.

Why Didn't We?

Everyone was saying then that an Allied force should have occupied Berlin. The Allied troops had earned the right to enter and occupy the capital of the country they had conquered. If it be said that there is no sentiment in war, there were even stronger reasons for occupying Berlin. Take only two of them. One was to give the Prussian some outward and visible proof that he was beaten. He seems to be forgetting it. With Berlin quietly and comfortably occupied we should not have had Prussian Princes battering French officers into insensibility for refusing to join in *Deutschland über Alles!* The other was to give the main centre of the German Empire the peace and security that would enable it to evolve a stable form of government and get back to work for itself—and us. For, until Germany settles down, she cannot "settle up." And some of us still hope for the latter to happen. "Hope springs, etc."

Political Mallaby-Deeleys

So we are to have a new political suit of clothes. Well, we want one badly enough. A Paisley shawl and a divided ulster are hardly a sufficient garb for the average Briton. But whoever is to be our political Mallaby-Deeley, whether it be Mr. Lloyd George or someone else, he must give us a thoroughly good material, one that we like the look of and that will wear. I suppose we shall have, for the most part, the same old tailors and cutters, but we must have a good new cloth. We shall want it in the weather ahead of us. An old stuff made up a little differently, another button here and a strap off there, will not do. Nor will a shoddy made by pulping a lot of the old materials together—which, I believe, is the way shoddy is made. We want a good cloth, "all wool and a yard wide," and we shall

By W. E. Wigfull

STILL AWAITING HIS CALL

BY E. T. REED

WHEN THE STAGE ENTERS PARLIAMENT. No. 2

The speech of the Rt. Hon. George Robey, M.P., in introducing the "gag" undoubtedly added to his reputation. (We here get a momentary glimpse also of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Chaplin, P.C., the Rt. Hon. Sir Harry Tate, Mr. Catlett, M.P., Mr. Grossmith, M.P., and Sir Harry Lauder, M.P.

know it when it is shown to us. Moreover, it must be suitable for "ladies' wear." The man who puts this stuff, and no other, in his window will get the big queue outside his doors.

Living on Doles

TUCKED away in an obscure corner of a morning paper I read the other day that "over 60,000 South Wales miners are being prosecuted for refusing to pay income tax." I wonder how many thousand people there are to-day who, before the War, used to pay income tax scrupulously, if not exactly cheerfully, and who would be only too glad if they were still liable for it. Imagine the feelings of a pre-War Chancellor of the Exchequer, on hearing that 60,000 black-coated gentlemen employed in the City of London had refused to pay their income tax! He would probably have suffered some such catastrophe as befel the conscientious chameleon which was placed upon a Scotch tartan, while 60,000 city gentlemen would have had painful interviews with, or communications from, their shocked principals. The miners' loafing means the shilling loaf, and a good deal more. They would do well to listen to Frederic Harrison, one of the oldest champions of Trade Unions, when he says to them, "You are now living on doles—*i.e.*, on charity. Your labour does not produce the value of what you receive in payment. Most of your living is paid for by others. . . . You are being maintained by a gigantic system of Outdoor Labour Relief!" Let the miner pay heed to this, or he, and others with him, ere long will be repenting in sackcloth and ashes—that is, provided he turns out enough coal to provide the latter; there is an ample supply of empty coal-bags for the sackcloth.

Mrs. Robert Brassey

Lady Dalmeny was last week married at Chipping Norton to Captain Robert Brassey, of Heythrop, Oxfordshire. Mrs. Brassey is a daughter of the late Lord Henry Grosvenor, brother of the first Duke of Westminster. Her husband was at one time in the 17th Lancers and sat as M.P. for the Banbury Division in 1910. He is a widower and has four children

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

The Prince Departs

NOTHING very much was said about it, but when the crowd burst through the cordon of troops and police at Victoria Station on the afternoon of the Prince's departure to Portsmouth, many of those about the Royal party had a very ugly moment of misgiving. The shouts of a thrusting, bursting crowd, forcing its way into guarded precincts, are not distinguishable—they can mean anything. "Tumult without" can as easily be taken as a "demonstration," by some of those nasty Albert Hall meeting people who want to pull down everything without knowing exactly why, as for an expression of loyal affection. And there were a good many of red-tabbed and gold-laced who feared the first on Tuesday.

But, bless you! they had no cause for such a thought. The people only wanted to see their own particular and specially beloved Prince, and when he walked across the platform and out into the roadway, and stood absolutely alone within a few feet of the crowd, he received one of those cheers which show that revolution is not a popular suggestion.

A friend of mine who was present, and who has had experience during many years of Royal functions, told me he had never witnessed such a scene on such an occasion, and he had never heard such a cheer as the people gave when the Prince saluted them. He also added, "I know some foreign Royal families who would have jumped into that train, every one of 'em, without waiting to hear what the noise was about, and started off full steam ahead for anywhere and without any baggage."

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

MRS. HUGH PEEL

The owner of Poethlyn, which is expected to have a good chance of winning the Grand National again this year

The Green Stone

THIS little story would make a thrilling film, but since it deals with crime it would not be passed by the Censor, and so I tell it to you. Well, here is the story.

On returning home one day a man of ease and position found that his pocket-book had been stolen. But in the bottom of his pocket was an oddly-shaped green stone, somewhat roughly carved, and with holes at either side, as if it were meant to be worn as a pendant. The pickpocket who had filched his case, by inadvertence or clumsiness, had dropped the stone during the process. His wife thought it was an emerald, but a jeweller pronounced it composition, and absolutely worthless.

At the Ball

SOME little time afterwards the man's daughter was going to one of the fancy dress balls at the Albert Hall as an Eastern princess. Just as she was starting her father remembered the green stone, and suggested that she should wear it as being in keeping with her costume. The girl fastened it on her head with wire, so that it hung upon her forehead.

At the ball a singular thing happened. Whenever the girl stood still in between the dances she felt herself slightly touched by other people in passing. At first she took no notice, thinking it only the usual effect in a crowded place. But the touchings and brushing against her, sometimes by men, sometimes by women, were so persistent that she moved about the ballroom. Still the *frolements* went on.

She was standing beside her father when a magnificently dressed woman, blazing with jewels, whispered in her ear as she passed, "You had better go now!" At that moment a man in ordinary evening-dress came up and said, "I must ask you to go with me to a private room."

Naturally, the father protested, but the stranger was insistent, and, refusing to be separated from his

Who, When and Where—

daughter, the father went with her. Arrived in a sort of office, where a policeman was sitting, the stranger said he was a detective. He then proceeded to " arrest " the girl as a receiver of stolen property ! *Tableau !*

You can imagine the indignation of the father and the daughter. For answer the detective lifted the overskirt of chiffon the girl was wearing, and there, pinned upon the underskirt, were brooches, pendants, earrings, and a veritable *corbeille* of jewellery.

I leave you to picture the scene for yourselves. More police officials were summoned. The telephone proved the reputability of the father and the daughter.

Photograph *Photopress*

OUR RENOWNED AMBASSADOR

A historic photograph of His Royal Highness walking along the gangway to the ship on which he is now sailing for Australasia

Photograph *Central News*

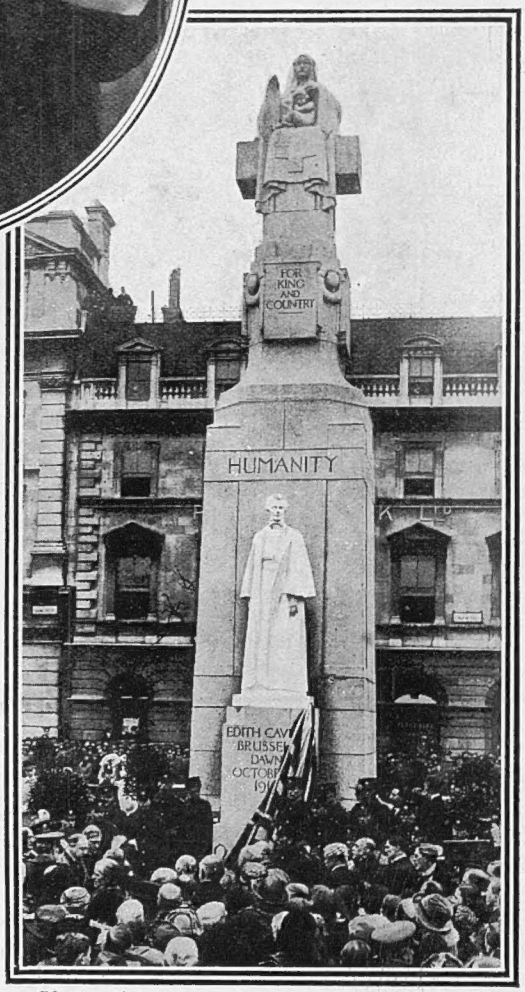
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON

On Wednesday last Queen Alexandra unveiled the Nurse Cavell Memorial in St. Martin's Place. She is here seen with the sculptor, Sir George Frampton

" But where did you get that stone ? " asked the detective, pointing to the green pendant on the girl's forehead. The father explained. They were then told that the stone was the sign by which professional jewel thieves who go to these public balls know where they can " dump the goods," and so avoid risk of detection if the suspicion of dancers they have robbed is aroused.

The touchings and *frolements* that had worried the girl were from the deft fingers of the thieves as they fixed their individual hauls upon her underskirt. It seems odd that a pickpocket should have so cumbersome a thing in his hand as a stone pendant when " pinching " pocket-books, but the police theory was that the particular holder of the " sign " had learnt that the detectives had discovered the secret, and got rid of it to save his own skin. The woman who gave the girl the warning to go had recognised the detective, to whom she was well known.

Perhaps this glimpse into the under-world explains why so many articles of jewellery are advertised as lost after all the big public balls.



Photograph *C. U.*

THE NURSE CAVELL MEMORIAL

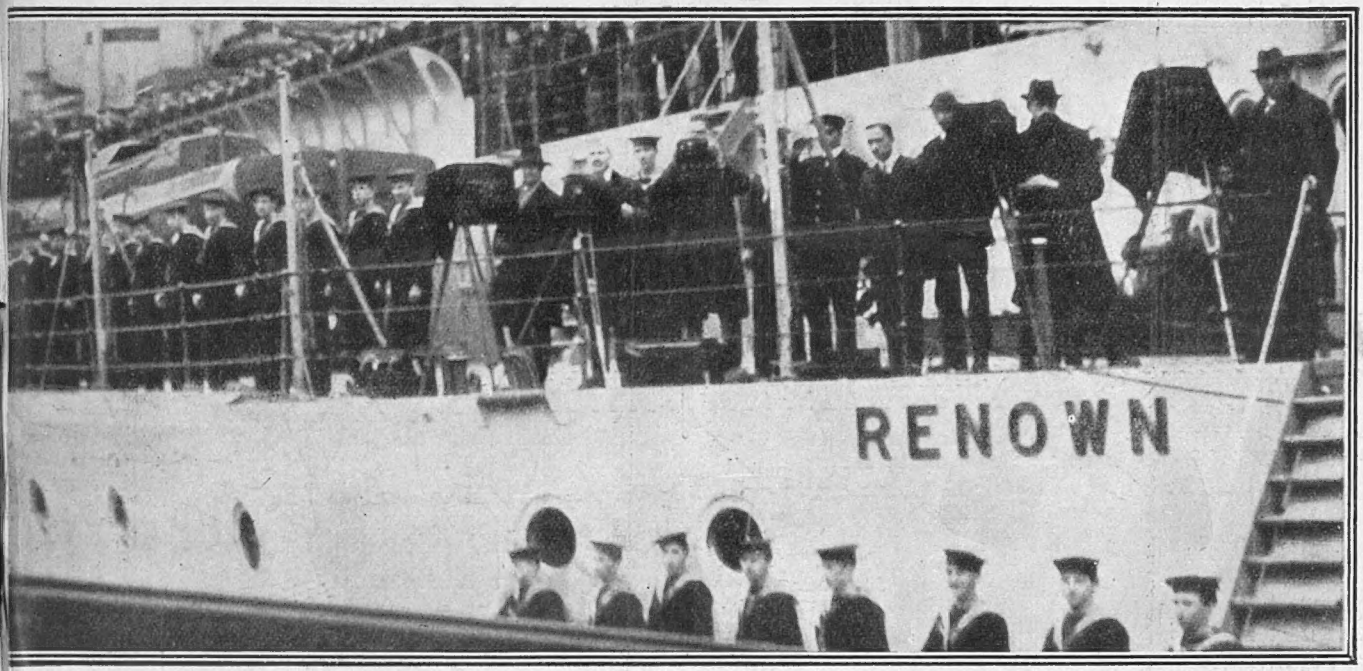
In St. Martin's Place, immediately after the unveiling ceremony last week. Nurse Cavell's sister was present at the unveiling.

Divorce in Scotland

LADY DALMENY'S marriage to Captain Brassey shows once again how much better they manage divorce in Scotland than we do. There the husband or the wife has only to walk out of the conjugal domicile and refuse to return. After a certain period the party left behind can sue for divorce on the ground of desertion. With us mud has to be thrown at either one or other, and the law concerning " collusion " is broken—and almost openly—every day in the unending series of " restitution of conjugal rights " suits.

Lord and Lady Dalmeny did not " hit it off." Lady Dalmeny left the house, and as she refused to return, was divorced in the Scottish Courts for desertion.

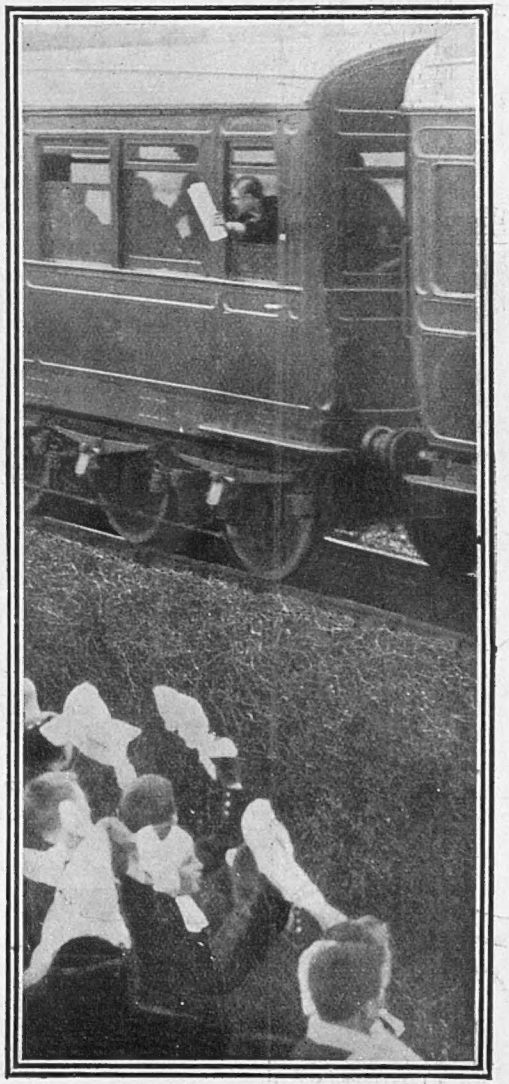
A "Bystander" Pot-Pourri



Photographs

QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE IRISH GUARDS

Her Majesty is here seen presenting bunches of shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day to Company Commanders of the Irish Guards for distribution among N.C.O.'s and men

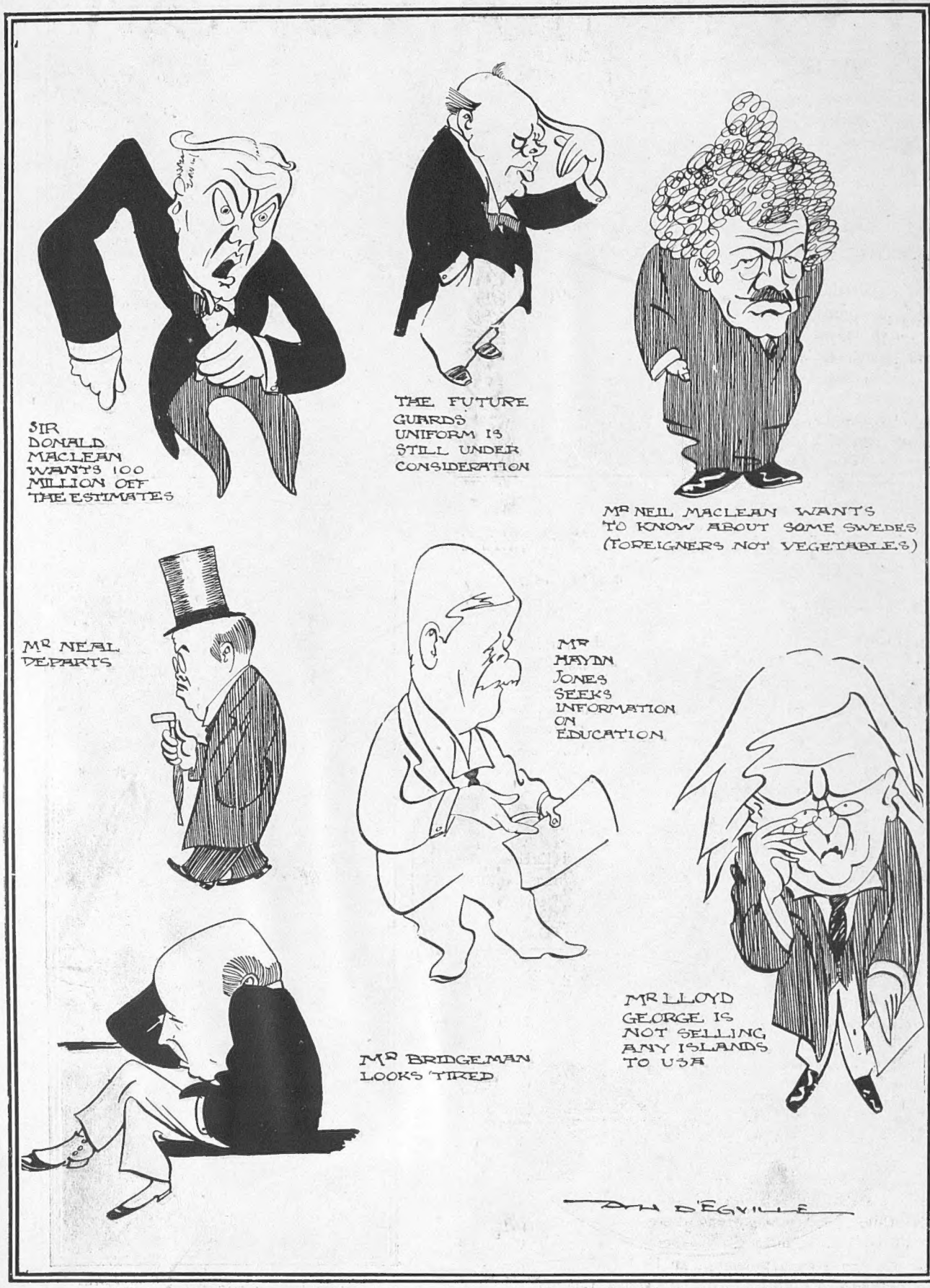


Central News

THE PRINCE PASSING HORSHAM

En route for Portsmouth, the "Renown," and his Australasian tour. Some 800 boys of Christ's Hospital waved him farewell from the rail-side, and he is seen acknowledging their cheers

Political Personalities in Caricature



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE.

IMPRESSIONS OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 22, 1920.

DEAR COUSIN—

TAKES, of course, *some* bogey to startle us in England now, after that old War. Which, if nothing else, did infuse into us quite a healthy dose of pachydermatous or don't-care-a-damn-for-*anything* matter, didn't it?

卐 卐

BUT, all the same, seems the poor old country's trembling now a bit—on the brink of the most 'normous, vast, huge Budget ever even dreamed of in the whole long history of poor taxed man! £1,250,000,000!! or twelve hundred millions—and then some!!! Staggering, isn't it, even for the most obtuse? And for the clear-sighted—well, nothing ahead but an almighty smash unless we sack the whole official lot and start in solidly and separately, like France in 1860, to work, save—and prepare for the next old war!

"Travel on tube and train .... more than double"

卐 卐

"SAVE" here in England now I really think's *rather* funny, don't you? When to wear the cheapest clothes, to eat the poorest food, to travel by tube and tram, to do every single thing on the cheap is *still*, in these post-war days, to spend on mere living and necessaries more than double—not sure it's not more than treble—what one spent before the War.

卐 卐

AND if we *do* save—then your taxes'll cost you more, that's all! Really, a *tiresome* War, wasn't it? And why, in the name of all that's vain and useless, we *ever* fought it, is what some of us are asking ourselves since the Hun took to revolutions, the Turk to his pre-war *status quo*, and Lord Haig's been forced to appeal to the charitable public for assistance for the men who fought the Hun—and now fight poverty—for us.

卐 卐

A twelve hundred million Budget. . . . And 25*s.* a week—in *these* times!—is all a grateful country can allow its disabled officers! Must be something *very* wrong somewhere, don't you think, in a State where, though less than a pittance can be spared for the soldier broken in its wars, one single firm makes millions of profit a year out of a national necessity like cotton?

"25/- a week for disabled officers"

卐 卐

NOT the private people, taxed and profiteered upon as they are, but the big companies and banks and things are those who stand back from giving, it seems, or who offer a miserable fiver or a ten-pound note when hundreds or thousands wouldn't hurt them. But for these maimed men—well, but for them, Cousin, *where* would our England be? Yet they live, mutilated, gassed, deformed, blinded, deafened, ruined in health in hundreds of different ways—in misery and poverty. And the profiteer profits on in peaceful England! Almost inclines one to a sort of a kind of Socialism, doesn't it?

卐 卐

OH, for a man, a superman, who'd make the world only a *little* nearer to the heart's desire! Such easy work it'd be. Could start on the equalising principle. Thus, no profiteer allowed *more* than four cars while a hundred one-legged officers hopped about in 'buses and things. And no profiteer's wife or lady friend to wear, at a time, ten thousand pounds' worth of pearls, diamonds, platinum, sables, lace, etc., while a fallen officer's widow weeps the weary days away on a pound or so a week.

卐 卐

GREAT play might be made with the appetites of those Newly Rich who are rich because one million men have died, and three millions have been maimed to make them so. If they always have a pint of champagne to their dinner, then mulct them of another two pints, and with these cheer up the scanty meal of the 25*s.* per week ex-officer pensioners aforesaid. And if they *can't* dine under five courses, make 'em add half the bill, like you do on the taxi-fares, and send it to the Officers' Association.

卐 卐

BE *quite* an amusing game, wouldn't it? And almost a bore to be really very rich if our superman did the thing properly. For the rich, or anyway the very rich, get rich, of course, by the little bit they

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

cheat and scrimp on every deal, by never giving tuppence when a penny will do, by doing the other man down, on the wholesome principle that business is business and no damned sentiment about it.

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me of a letter from an ex-soldier man in New York City, just received, telling me they, too, have their troubles, "even with all the riches you accuse us of, Blanche. New York's not what it used to be. Can you imagine anything like our Prohibition? You can't, and I don't blame you.

'Great play might be made with the appetites of the New Rich"

卐 卐

"TERRIBLE digs you give us, Blanche, sometimes, in your letters. Perhaps we deserve it, but I'd like you to know that, in spite of our old Generals saying *we* won the War and your Ambassador being rather rudely treated in Washington, we don't all feel that way about the War or about you. I spent nine months on the Somme with your glorious Tommy, and I read your letters then and I read them now, and I just couldn't have got along without any of you. Lots of love to you and Helen (who also gives digs, doesn't she?)."

卐 卐

FROM Mesopotamia and India come replies to my Christmas letter that was written—it seems like years ago—last autumn. "Just received the jolly old BYSTANDER," writes a soldier man from Kufa, "and as the old Indian Army is sort of not mentioned over much in your Letter, thought a word or two in season might fall on good soil. Christmas here, I may tell you, was the killer, but summer is on the road and then, perchance, we shall be neither cold nor cheerless. But, Oh, Blanche, gee! It *would* be great to trip a few steps again. Have a good time *for* us, will you?"

"1760-1790 dresses are decreed"

卐 卐

HOW well they prop them up, don't they, the men who keep, in such loneliness, our far-flung posts of Empire? How would England fare without these, too? As an officer of the Waziristan Field Force writes, "Our Christmas, Blanche, wasn't a *very* cheerful one. It came, you see, too soon after some pretty nasty fighting, and was darkened by the thought of those whose places in mess were emptied so lately. Of my own mess, out of six officers engaged in one day's fighting two were killed and two wounded, and casualties among the Indian officers and men in proportion.

卐 卐

"AND the war still drags on. The Afghans 'retired hurt' in August last. The Tochi Waries promised to be good in November—whereupon we were all transferred 150 miles south. Now the Mahsuds are 'on the point of giving in,' but they still insist on giving 'the point' to us, and their knives are deadly sharp. There remains settlement of accounts with the Wana Wazirs. . . . It will be some months yet, I fancy, before Peace, that means Leave, changes from Hope to Reality. . . ." Quite a clever little picture of one of our "little" wars, isn't it? And I quote it 'cos it's good for us—not *quite* to forget about them.

卐 卐

RATHER alluring idea, I think, don't you, the All Blue Ball that's happening at the Albert Hall in June for the Russians? Touch of green permitted, I believe, but green is blue, isn't it, or *vice versa*, and I'm sure some poet's written of eyes "greenest of things blue." The hall's to be all blue, too, and—no, *no* "invitations" blue or otherwise. But it looks like turning out a blue night, doesn't it? "Blue above and blue below. . . ." Must have some effect on the atmosphere between. For the Duchess of Albany's Charity Ball, by the way, 1760-1790 dresses are decreed.

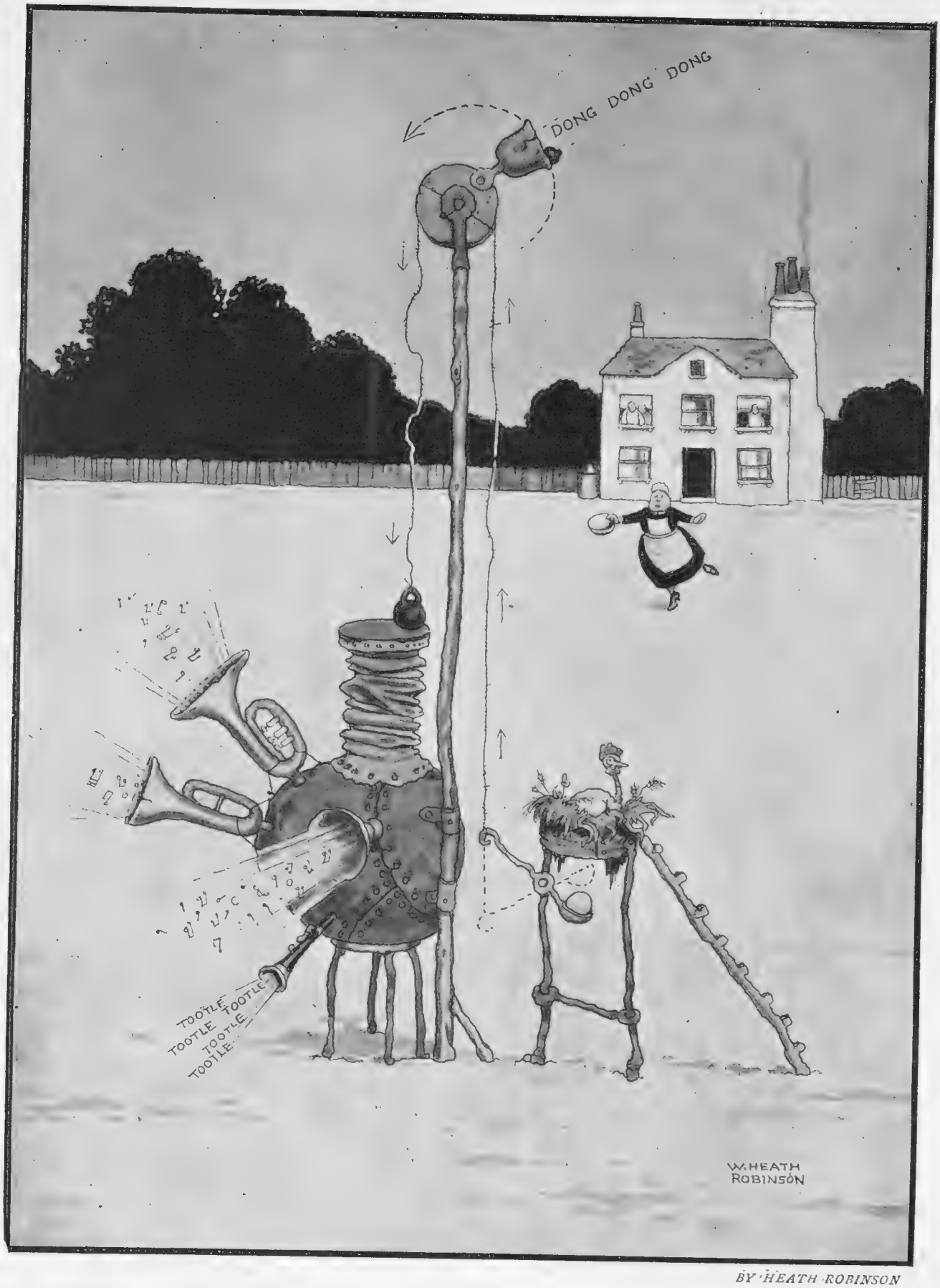
卐 卐

LOVELIEST stage dresses of the moment are, I think, in *Sunshine of the World* at the Empire. Which is worth going to if only to see Randle Ayrton act Mohammed, and George Bishop sing Cuvillier's delicious "Camel Bells." That Eastern atmosphere gives the stage such a *chance*, doesn't it?

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHE.

When Does a Hen Lay an Egg?



BY HEATH ROBINSON

A NEW APPARATUS FOR INFORMING YOU

Rivier

Photograph *Topical Press*
LADY WOLVERTON
Golfing at Cannes

CANNES, *March* 20, 1920.

Mi-carême is past and over. We did not take it this time with the mad delirium of days that are gone. For even in this gay jewel of the South there are hearts that are heavy and eyes that are dim with tears of memory for those dear sons of the mist who, alas, will laugh no more with us at the fêtes they loved so well.

WE danced, it is true—Nice had its battle of flowers; but—Oh! there's a tug at your heartstrings when you think of the "absent friends," whose memory—all that remains, alas!—can never fade.

BUT we wink back our tears and gulp down the lump in our throat, and run to pelt, with roses and carnations, the pretty ladies in the flower-decked carriages as they pass upon a path of rose leaves for one glorious hour of crowded life.

CANNES has postponed its battle of flowers for a week; but we danced at the Casino, and those of us who are still childish enough to love dressing up, put on trousers if we were women, and gay silks and satins if we were men, and danced and danced and danced, and sang as we danced homewards with the grey dawn stealing across the sky.

THE ball for the blind last week was a great financial success; but the *cotillon* was a little dull, in spite of the fact that it was led by the Duchess of Westminster, *ci-devant*, Princess Philippe of Bourbon, and the Ranee of Pudkatora, a lovely and charming daughter of Australia, married to a dusky prince of the East. She makes us all gasp with envy at her marvellous pearls and amazing frocks. But the men! Oh, *mes amis*, the men! I can't think where they were scratched up from! There was one we called the "bad lad." Seventy, if a day! and he quite thought he was the beau of the ball—and how hard we worked for it!

THE *grève* is said to be over; but we're still on the restricted diet that's so good for our livers, and I must confess that it makes me real bad-tempered to go to Rumpel's two days running, hungry for delicious cream *marrons*, and find there's nothing but a piece of dry toast to nibble.

Photograph *Navello*
LORD ROCKSAVAGE
At Monte Carlo

Photograph *Navello*
LORD CHARLES HOPE
Plays tennis at Cannes

Photograph *Sport & General*
MAJ.-GEN. SIR J. HANBURY WILLIAMS
On the links at Cannes

Photograph *Topical Press*
LADY WARD
At the entrance to the tennis courts, Beaulieu

HAD a bad effect, too, the strike did, I mean, on the Concours Hippique. Lots of the horses couldn't get here, and then the weather broke and put the lid on for those that could, so altogether the event was rather a frost. Still, there was some very fine jumping in spite of the awful condition of the ground, and Baron and Baroness Meyronnet de St. Marc (he's president of the polo), Major Barrett, and the Rocksavages were among those who braved the elements to watch it.

IT'S too terrible the effect all this gambling has on us women. So engrossed are we that our best

a Notes

Photograph *Navello*

MRS. BEAMISH
The well-known lawn tennis player at Monte Carlo

one is proud to be an English woman here. Never did I see so many lovely women of our race, and so well-dressed they are too! The Duchess of Sutherland was at the Casino with Lady Essex recently looking perfectly charming in the filmiest black with pearls as big as broad beans, yards of 'em, and a small diamond tiara from which sprung a most becoming halo of soft black ospreys. Major Harold Wernher is here with his pretty wife, Lady Zia Torby that was. Of course, she's Russian but she's been one of us for so long that we really take her unto ourselves and count her as one of the English beauties. The Ludlows, her "in-laws," are expected here next week. Lady Curzon, divinely tall and most divinely fair, was causing all heads to turn in admiration wherever she showed herself.

Photograph *Topical Press*

LORD GREVILLE
Golfing at Cannes

Photograph *Navello*

MME. FICK
The Swedish lawn tennis champion at Monte Carlo

WE'RE taking the most terrific interest in the wonderful three-masted "Belem" in which the Duke of Westminster arrived. Very stately she looked as she floated majestically into the harbour at full sail, quite like the romantic ocean home of an old-time pirate king. Bend Or is playing polo here this week, and Major Harold Wernher is joining him—the club needed some fresh blood.

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE HON. MARION GLYN
Golfing at Cannes

BEATTY is here, too, on the "Sheelah," so there'll be quite a little hero-worship going on. I confess I'm not above doing a bit of that myself, especially when it's a sailor, and one with such a way with him as our David.

OH, but you feel very cheap the morning after the night before, when you took to your bed at five of the morn, and at 9.30 a golden-voiced, black-eyed son of the South serenades under your window with arias from *Bohême* and *Rigoletto*. How he's got the energy at that hour I can't think. But I wish he'd come by moonlight, except that so long as the moon's up I'm not there. Still, I *am* so sleepy in the morning; but it's better than being woken by "K-k-katie!" So confused was I this morning that I told the waiter you couldn't go *banco* with only two *croissants*, and that anyhow it wasn't my hand. He looked at me with a condescending pity, and promptly forgot to bring the marmalade. Au'voir,

PETETIE.

IN my more lucid moments I like to watch the frocks and the jewels, and there are *some!* Really, young man might carry on the hottest flirtation with a rival under our very noses, and we'd never notice a thing! Baccarat gives me positive heart disease! I've got absolutely thin with excitement since I started it. Piles and piles of *mille* notes—stacks of 'em, and when you've staked your last little five louis that you really owe to the *concierge* or to the obliging merchant at the American bar—well, I can tell you—it's *émotionnant!* Especially when the bank turns up eight, making *égalité* with your side. I assure you, I simply can't stay to watch.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY GEORGINA AGAR AND LORD COCHRANE
At Cannes

In "Wild Geese" at the Comedy

Photograph] MISS ELSIE CARLISLE *Compton Collier*

Who is playing a leading part in Mr. André Charlot's new production "Wild Geese," at the Comedy Theatre. There is not, we opine, much of the "goose" about the charming appearance of Miss Carlisle—in point of fact she seems very much more allied to a younger branch of the same species!

SUNSHINE OF THE WORLD

at the EMPIRE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is an operetta of the Orient, and it is also a very picturesque and extremely musical entertainment. The fact that there are no (conscious) humorists in the East accounts, I suppose, for the fact that the entertainment does not run very much in the direction of comic relief. The date of the story is fixed at 1739, which is a year or two after the celebrated Nadir of Persia had succeeded in getting himself crowned as Shah by the simple process of murdering his predecessor, and taking command of the army. That is all the history you want to know; and, probably, most people who go to hear Cuvillier's fascinating music will not want to know even that much. But as both Nadir and his ancient enemy, the Great Mogul, take leading parts in the show, I thought it would be only kind of me to introduce them formally.

"SUNSHINE OF THE WORLD" is the very flowery name given to the Princess Shireen of Persia. We hear her first outside the Watergate of the Imperial Palace at Delhi, from which point she sings herself into the scene, and thus wins the heart of Colonel Francis Clavenger, a young Englishman in the service of the Great Mogul. Shireen appears to have run away from Persia because she does not like the Shah Nadir. Indeed, she has a pious longing to do that gentleman in, at the first opportunity. Nadir Shah, it may be mentioned, began life as a common thief

NANCY GIBBS AS SHIREEN
MARTIN IREDALE AS COLONEL CLAVENGER.

and ended by being king, so that our own modern and ambitious profiteers may be working on some sort of system after all. The French have a saying that journalism leads to all things; but nowadays it would seem that a mere professional trifler with the truth has no chance against a successful Autolycus.

THE Great Mogul is much given to the regrettable vice of opium-smoking. While the enemy is knocking at the gates of Delhi, the Mogul thinks only of the blissful oblivion that his pipe affords. The result is that the enemy, having politely knocked in vain, strolls into the city, and wants to know, as the Eastern phrase has it—what about it? The chief representative of the enemy is Rustom Khan (Mr. Percy Parsons), who looks an imposing figure in his fighting suit of mail. In those days, of course, war was a far more picturesque business than it is now. You got at least an occasional glimpse of the man who was trying to down you, and unless some long-distance archer squirted an arrow into you while you were occupying your opponent's earnest professional attention, there was always an even chance that the best man would win. Rustom Khan has merely looked in to say that if the Great Mogul cares to pay a considerable indemnity he can save Delhi from the inconvenience of being sacked and destroyed.

THIS sounds to the Mogul a proposition worth considering, anyway. He, therefore, calls for a pipe of opium, and reclines at full length on a couch so as to be ready for anything in the shape of a dream that may come along. And thus it is that the Mogul

dreams that he is surrounded by a bevy of laughing dancing-girls of rare beauty. I never knew a dream to come true so quickly before. You can see the lovely creatures for yourself, so it must be all right. And there is one in particular whose dancing and silent appeal turn the Mogul into a bit of a somnambulist, as he gets up and tries to catch her. And no bad judge, either!

WHEN it comes to a final settlement, there is a question of giving hostages to the enemy, and the Mogul offers his nephew, the Prince Gulah-i-Mulk, whose name sounds something like a Pussyfoot cocktail. The Mogul does not think very much of his nephew, who is a rather languid young man, given to perfumes and poetry, though I had an idea that in the East a poet was considered quite a respectable person. I have read of competing poets who rhymed against each other in open competition on the chance of winning as a prize the hand of a lovely girl. Though, no doubt, in that case the winner would have to show that he

possessed private means, as even in the old days the Poet's Corner does not seem to have been a very remunerative spot. The Prince is not regarded by the enemy as a very great catch as a hostage. So the Mogul offers to throw in the Princess Shireen, who jumps at the chance, not because she particularly wants a place in the Shah's harem, but because it looks like a good excuse for getting near enough to him to enable her to knife him into a better world than this.

A PLEASANT character that flits through the operetta in a delightfully irresponsible way is Josiah Hathaway, the representative of a British Trading Company of the period, who claims, among other things, to be a six-bottle-man. In my simple ignorance of such things I had always thought that the three-bottle men of those valiant days were supposed to have touched the high-water mark of bibulous prowess; but I am evidently only a child in these matters. Joshua and his friends join in a rollicking song which declares that it is wine that makes the world go round—which in our time is, of course, a very impious sentiment. Still, I am heretic enough to have found it a jolly and delightful song, especially as it was rendered with a gusto that suggested that the singers knew what they were making a song about, and believed it, too! It was good to realise that In England Now (as her ladyship would say) we are still permitted to think in English, and to speak our thoughts accordingly.

SO this agreeable, if not very coherent story, drifts pleasantly on. The second act opens on the Royal apartment of a Persian palace, where it would seem that even the great Nadir himself cannot escape being henpecked. His Turkish favourite, Refia, has heard that the Great Mogul is sending the Shah a number of beautiful girls as a propitiatory gift, and Refia doesn't want to feel that temptation is going to be put in her old man's way. So she advises him to pass the girls along to Colonel Clavenger. Must have heard something, what? As a matter of fact, Clavenger is at the moment fully occupied with the job of making love to the fair Shireen, with musical honours, as it were. They have several duets together of a sweet and tender kind, and as Shireen is represented by Miss Nancy Gibbs, it needs no assurance of mine that the sunshine of the world is represented to the life.

MR. MARTIN IREDALE as Clavenger, in addition to his duets with the fair heroine, has a little song to himself in Act 2, all about a little maid in the skies, which is quite perfect in its tunefulness and charm. Mr. Randle Ayrton puts a lot of good work into the character of the Great Mogul, with the result that he makes that personage a very live being indeed. Nadir the Shah is imposingly represented by Mr. Shayle Gardner, and the production is one that should readily find favour with lovers of the musical and the picturesque. But the humour is very eclectic, and a bit shy at that. JINGLE

"Sentries—Pass"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

"Oh! to stay in Rhineland
Now that Spring is here"

Is the burden of the song of many a temporary officer and man in Rhineland—now. For orders have gone forth that no temps. are to remain in the country after the end of this month, and many have been caught with the lure of this pleasant old-new city of Cologne, set in the midst of Rhineland's smiling plains, but not too far from its romantic hills.

THE sickle of demob recks little of the desires of the swathes of camouflaged civilians who fall daily before its remorseless strokes. They resemble nothing so much as a colony of bolted rabbits fleeing from burrow to burrow from a relentless foe. They climb great flights of stairs daily, going from Commission to Commission, and from British bank to British business house, in an anxious endeavour to put off the evil day, and it is certainly not the B. in O., who, a year ago, was going through the same process, who would withhold sympathy from them. Some, the favoured few, succeed in ensconcing themselves in some snug little Commission or other, but the great majority have to follow his example and endeavour to extort a living in Rhineland from an unsympathetic crowd of exporters or importers—or, still worse, Editors—in England, who know far more about the rate of exchange than is good for them.

IT is not only that rate which draws them, for the state of civilian rations compels them to live almost entirely on canteen goods, which they must purchase at sterling rates, while the exchange hinders all kinds of business. It is not the ease with which they find housing accommodation, as a tussle with the *Wohnungsamt*, which, with true Prussian method, allots the minimum cubic space necessary to preserve life to applicants for shelter, would convince anyone. It is certainly not love for the Germans themselves, for, admitting a number of admirable qualities to be inherent in the German race, and a number of individual Rhinelanders to possess even amiable ones, no one could describe the Germans as a lovable race! Cologne, however, is a distinctly lovable city, and one would be pretty near the mark in accepting this as the main factor which has caused the inception and daily growth of a purely civilian English colony in Cologne.

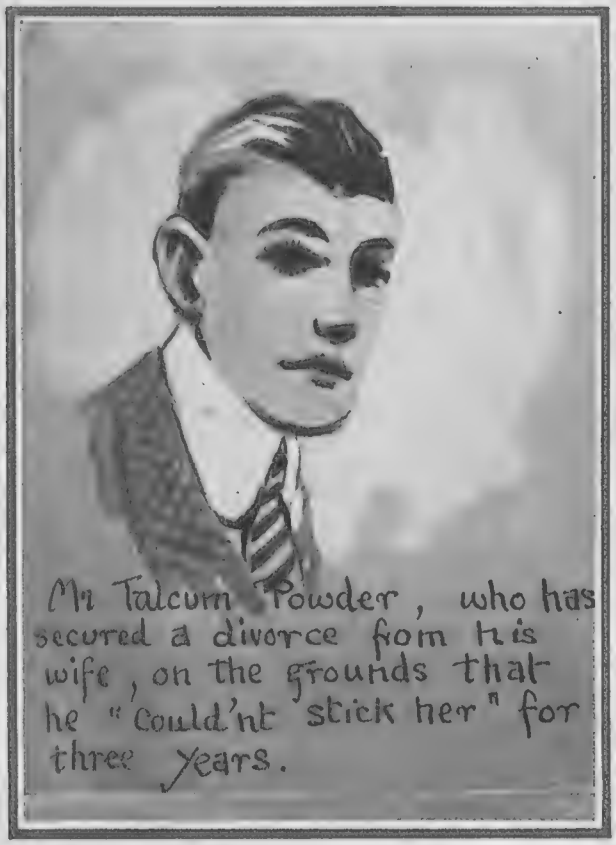
"Meanwhile the Regulars have arrived"

MEANWHILE, the Regulars have arrived, the ex-generals commanding companies, and the very latest thing in subs, with the down of Sandhurst still upon its cheeks, commanding platoons, assisted by a sprinkling of war-worn veterans, their bodies bearing the scars of the trenches—or of Montreuil and Boulogne—and their tunics the ribbons of Mons. With a permanent garrison settled in for a five years' stay, one may expect a considerable increase of social activities, though, at the present time, when there is at least one "smart" dance per night going for the British, one cannot complain of dullness. Here is, undoubtedly, the seed for a series of "Plain Tales from the Rhine," and in endeavouring to squeeze a free advertisement past the watchful eye of THE BYSTANDER "Ads." man, the B. in O. warns intending competitors that he has reserved to himself the exclusive right to out-kip Kipling on the Rhine.

ERIC GORDON.

"Oh! to stay in Rhineland now that Spring is here" BY H. L. OAKLEY

Oh! Those "Movie" Stars—



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—THEY MOVE SO FAST YOU CAN'T FOLLOW 'EM!

England on America. By Barry Pain

At 8.45 p.m. Mr. G. Templeton Binney refilled his glass, pushed on the decanter, and declared that, upon his soul, the Americans were right.

"They had got to shut drink down," he said, "and they did it. With their exhilarating atmosphere, high nervous tension, and complete ignorance of what constituted a fine wine or brandy, it was obvious that they were not meant to drink. They've made the discovery for themselves, and acted upon it on their own initiative, and I respect them for it. I may say I honour them for it."

He raised his glass of port reverentially, as if drinking to Virtue coupled with the name of the United States, and resumed:

"America, I am told, invented the cocktail. Just think of it! You take certain ill-assorted alcoholic fluids and slosh them together, disguising the beastliness of the result, so far as you can, by the addition of fruit-juice and ice, and you have the temerity to drink it. That is the cocktail. It made no appeal to the educated palate; it aimed merely at poisoning and paralysing the nerve-centres. What could the magnificent Clicquot that we drank at dinner have meant to a cocktail-man? Nothing. This perfect specimen of the '78—it is the '78, isn't it? Ah, I thought so—would be to him like an unknown language. It is the educated palate that saves us. Cocktails and rye whiskey are merely the means of intoxication. If you cannot drink correctly, it is much better not to drink at all. America is wise."

G. T. Binney filled his glass again absent-mindedly, and looked like the statue of a Great Reformer. It was not till later, when he was showing his full appreciation of an aged and unimpeachable brandy, that he was led by a chance question to revert to the subject of America.

"Have I ever been to America? I have not. I had rather promised myself a few weeks in New York at the beginning of this year, combining business with pleasure. But I sent my partner instead—I thought he needed a holiday more than I did. It would have interested me enormously to see total prohibition actually at work, but I shall hear his account of it. I believe it will do good over there. If a man can't drink immoderately, he'd better not drink at all—I meant that the other way round, of course. That is to say, if a man really can drink immoderately then he'd better not. As I said to my partner when he was grumbling about having to spend that dry fortnight, 'Charles,' I said, 'you're thinking too much of self. America has set a noblample—noble example—to every nation in the world that's looking for anything of the sort.'"

Still later in the evening, with a large glass of ameliorated soda-water before him, Binney stated the desperate lengths to which his admiration for America might possibly carry him.

"If," he said, "the time should ever come when in my opinion we ought to follow America's"—here he became aggressively distinct—"no-bull ex-arm-pull, I'm ready for the sycriface. Don't care who hears me say it. I can give up anything, moderate drinker though I am and always shall be. I'm shpeen seriously—if it's gorra be, then it's gorra."

I thought America might like to know.

By Albert Bailey

THINGS THAT MATTER

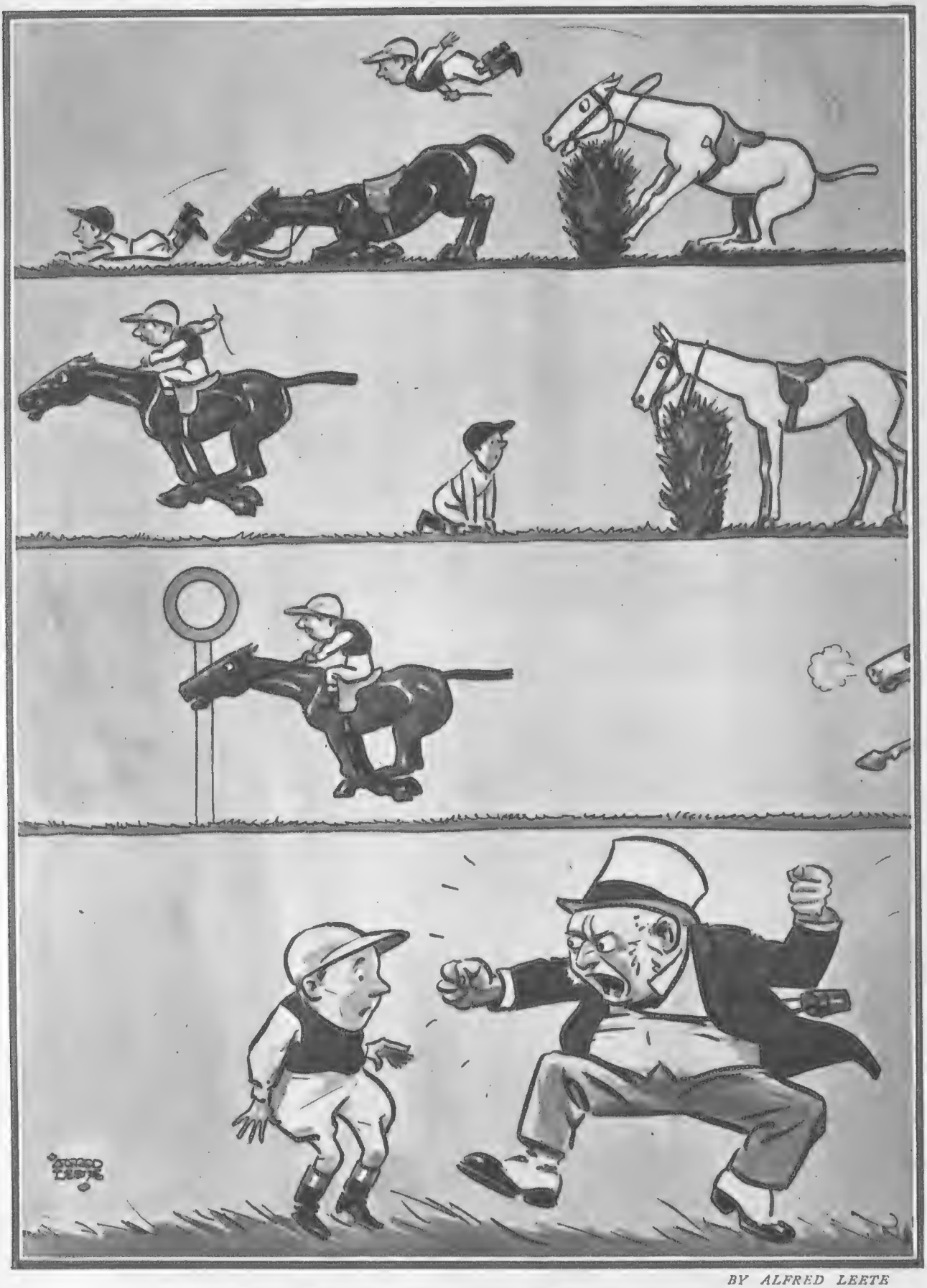
Lost Kiddy (*to policeman who is taking her to police-station*): "Wot'll I 'ave fer tea?"

"Inn-position"

BY WILMOT LUNT

HE: "I see they have captured the cleverest hotel thief in London"
SHE: "Indeed—which hotel did he keep?"

Riding a Loser—to Win!



BY ALFRED LEETE

BUT WHAT DID THE OWNER SAY?

The GRAND NATIONAL

Photograph *Central News*
MAJOR C. GERRARD'S TROYTOWN
One of Ireland's hopes at Aintree

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*
MRS. HUGH PEEL'S POETHLYN
Will he repeat last year's victory?

Photograph *Central News*
MR. HOPE JOHNSTONE'S BALLYBOGGAN
Second last year and again a "live" competitor

AINTREE THRILLS

"ARE you going to the National?" That question has been asked more frequently than any other in sporting circles during the past few weeks. You will realise by the alacrity of the reply, "Yes, rather. Are you?" or by the melancholy "Am afraid I cannot 'get' this year," that the Grand National is regarded as one of the events of the year that should not be missed. Many men who make the annual Spring pilgrimage to Aintree would not go out of their way to see the Epsom Derby. *Chacun à son goût.* To me one race is attractive as the other. Both command much the same enthusiasm, and engender that love of horses which is inherent in the nation. Purely as a spectacle, I suppose, the Grand National is more fascinating than the Derby. At Epsom you get the start, the breathless moment as the horses swing round Tattenham Corner, the intense excitement, as a rule, of a close finish. It is all over in about 2½ minutes. At Aintree, on the other hand, you have ten minutes of thrilling work. You have, in fact, a new thrill at every jump.

⁂ ⁂

HOW tensely you follow the fortunes of your favourite horse in the Grand National. You know he can jump and stay the course; but will he fall a victim to one of those mishaps which frequently knock out the best performers? Will he take off a shade too soon at one of those impenetrable fences—about five feet high and more than half as broad? You realise that the slightest miscalculation will bring disaster. How anxious you become as the riderless horses, having shed their own jockeys, continue irresponsibly on their career round the course. You perceive one just about to baulk your favourite at his jump. A bump seems inevitable. You hold your breath in sheer suspense. Then you see your jockey spare a hand to give the riderless one a cut with a whip. He's over safely. "By Jove, that was well done!" you exclaim. But there is plenty of chance of trouble yet. Will they *ever* get round?

⁂ ⁂

AT last you see them in the line for home. A much attenuated field now—no more than eight or nine out of the thirty that started. But *yours* is there. Going well, too. He creeps gradually up until he takes the lead at the last fence but one. One more anxious moment. Over he comes, ruffling the top of the fence, but over! The jockey takes a quick glance round. "Keep him going," you feel impelled to shriek. You hardly know, indeed, what you *are* shouting. But you can spare your breath. The good horse can still go the pace. He finishes strongly, and passes the post a gallant winner. Heavens, how you cheer! You bolt to the back of the stands in order not to miss him when he comes in for unsaddling. You elbow your way through the mob which surrounds the horse and overwhelms the jockey and owner with vociferous congratulations. It all leaves you a bit limp, and, perhaps, minus a hat. But what do you care? You have backed a Grand National winner. If you are a sportsman—and the Aintree crowd is one of the truest sporting crowd I know—you will have a hearty cheer for the winner whether you have backed him or not. For in adding his name to the list of Grand National heroes the horse has accomplished something really great. A.W.C.

(*For further details and "tips" see page* 853)

Some "Grand

Mr. H. A. Brown
Mr. Fred Parker G. Poole Mr. J. Hennessy The Earl of Coventry
Hon. A. Hastings Mr. P. Whitaker Sir G. Bullough

A COLLECTION OF PROMINENT RACING PERSONALIT

Nationalites," 1920

R. Gordon Major Hugh Peel Lord Wavertree Earl of Sefton Mr. Topham Earl of Derby Mr. J. R. Anthony Sir Busby Bird

E. Piggott "Bob" Gore Mr. Paul Nelke

ALITIES WHO WILL BE SEEN AT AINTREE THIS WEEK

BY "THE TOUT

Opening of the Flat Racing Season

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

AT "THE WHIRLIGIG": DICE COSTUMES IN THE "TEMPLE OF CHANCE" SCENE

These remarkable costumes now to be seen at the Palace Theatre were designed by Mr. Hugh Willoughby, an ex-officer designer discovered by Mr. Albert de Courville

Mrs. Wadham Is Warned

A Cautionary Tale for Wives

BY RICHARD MARR

Mrs. Wadham lay in bed, commiserating herself on being the most ill-used of wives. Her husband, whom she could hear in the next room, was an ogre. He treated her most shamefully.

The real truth of the matter—although Mrs. Wadham had no idea of it—was that whereas she was thirty-five, and young for her age, he was fifty-five and staid. He had spent thirty years in the tropics, making a fortune, and not, perhaps, improving his temper. He had come home to settle down to a quiet life. But a quiet life in the country did not appeal to Mrs. Wadham. She insisted on living in hotels, in rushing hither and thither, wherever life was gay.

She liked being made love to; she liked being made a fuss of. But her husband did neither of these things. He was fond of her, although she irritated him, but his was not an exuberant nature. Besides, it was three years since they had married.

Foolishly, but naturally, she turned to others for consolation. And he grumbled. They were perfectly innocent flirtations with nice boys, such as Jimmy Carruthers, who happened to be a fellow-guest at the Metropole. At least, they were perfectly innocent so far as she was concerned. It was not her fault if the boys were foolish enough to take these things seriously.

That was the worst of men. They could not understand a joke. Only that evening Jimmy Carruthers had asked her to elope with him. Could anything have been more absurd? He could not afford to keep her in dresses for a month. He was only a boy, and she had told him so, with brutal frankness.

"I'm not!" he had exclaimed, hotly. "I'm not! And I'll prove it to you!"

Mrs. Wadham fluttered apprehensively.

Now what did he mean by that? Men were such fools. They would go to any absurd length, especially when they thought they were in love.

She lay wondering what scheme Jimmy Carruthers might have for proving himself a man.

In the darkness the clock on the mantelpiece tinkled out the hour. One o'clock. The hotel was wrapped in the silence of the night.

There was a light step outside. She heard the handle of her door gently turn. Very quietly and stealthily the door opened and closed.

This, then, was Jimmy Carruther's method of proving himself a man!

Panic-stricken, Mrs. Wadham sprang out of bed and seized the intruder.

"You fool!" she hissed. "He'll hear you! You know how jealous he is!"

She had intended to bundle him out. But it was too late. Her ears, sharpened by panic, heard the creak of a floor board in the next room. Her husband had heard.

"Quick!" she gasped. "You must hide! If he finds you, he'll murder you! In here!"

She pushed him into the wardrobe, closed the door, and leapt back into bed.

The next moment her husband entered the room and switched on the light.

"What do you want?" gasped Mrs. Wadham, with a pitiful attempt at virtuous indignation.

"You know well enough," growled her husband, fingering the heavy cane he was carrying. "I knew you were foolish, but I didn't think that you would sink to this! It's no use arguing about it. I heard him come in here, and I heard you talking. Come on, where is he? I'm going to give

him the thrashing he deserves. To-morrow I shall see my solicitors about a divorce."

As she listened to his words, Mrs. Wadham realised many things. She realised that she loved her husband. She realised that she had not been so much a martyred and ill-used wife as a fool.

It was hopeless to attempt to explain that it was all a mistake; that Jimmy Carruthers was nothing to her, and merely an idiotic, love-sick boy. There was nothing she could do, except weep.

Her husband began to hunt about the room. He approached the wardrobe—an obvious hiding-place.

Mrs. Wadham wailed miserably.

"I say, is anything the matter?"

Standing in the doorway, and blinking sleepily, was Jimmy Carruthers.

Husband and wife stared at him in amazement.

Mrs. Wadham seized her opportunity. How Carruthers had managed to get from the wardrobe to the door was a mystery. But the fact remained that he had achieved the impossible.

There was no doubt about her virtuous indignation this time.

"Now!" she demanded majestically, "are you satisfied?"

"I beg your pardon," muttered her husband, humbly, and he followed Carruthers out of the room.

Mrs. Wadham closed the door after them. Then, very cautiously, she went over to the wardrobe and opened it.

She found the muzzle of a revolver within a couple of inches of her nose.

The ferrety-eyed little burglar whom she had mistaken for Jimmy Carruthers in the dark got down from the wardrobe and eyed her sternly.

"If you want to avoid any more trouble to-night," he said in a gruff whisper, "you'll keep quiet."

He went over to the dressing-table and opened her jewel-case.

"You know," he went on, "you're a foolish woman. You don't deserve a nice kind husband what buys you pretty things like these."

He held up her rope of pearls, her diamond rings, and other trinkets, and regarded them with critical approval. Then he slipped them into his pocket.

"Yes," he said, "you're a foolish woman. "You've got a nice husband and you don't appreciate him. You go giving the glad-eye to a lot of young sparks. You ask for trouble. And it ain't your fault that you haven't got more than you bargained for to-night. Now, if you're wise you'll let this be a warning to you. You'll treat your husband proper. You'll turn over a new leaf and start afresh. Then, if you're very good, perhaps he'll buy you some more pearls and diamonds and things to make up for these what I'm borrowing off you."

Utterly dumbfounded, Mrs. Wadham gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I must be going," said the burglar. "I don't want that husband of yours to find me here. I'm a respectable married man, and I don't want to be mixed up in none of your society divorce cases. Now don't forget. You let this be a lesson to you, and try to get some sense in that head o' yours."

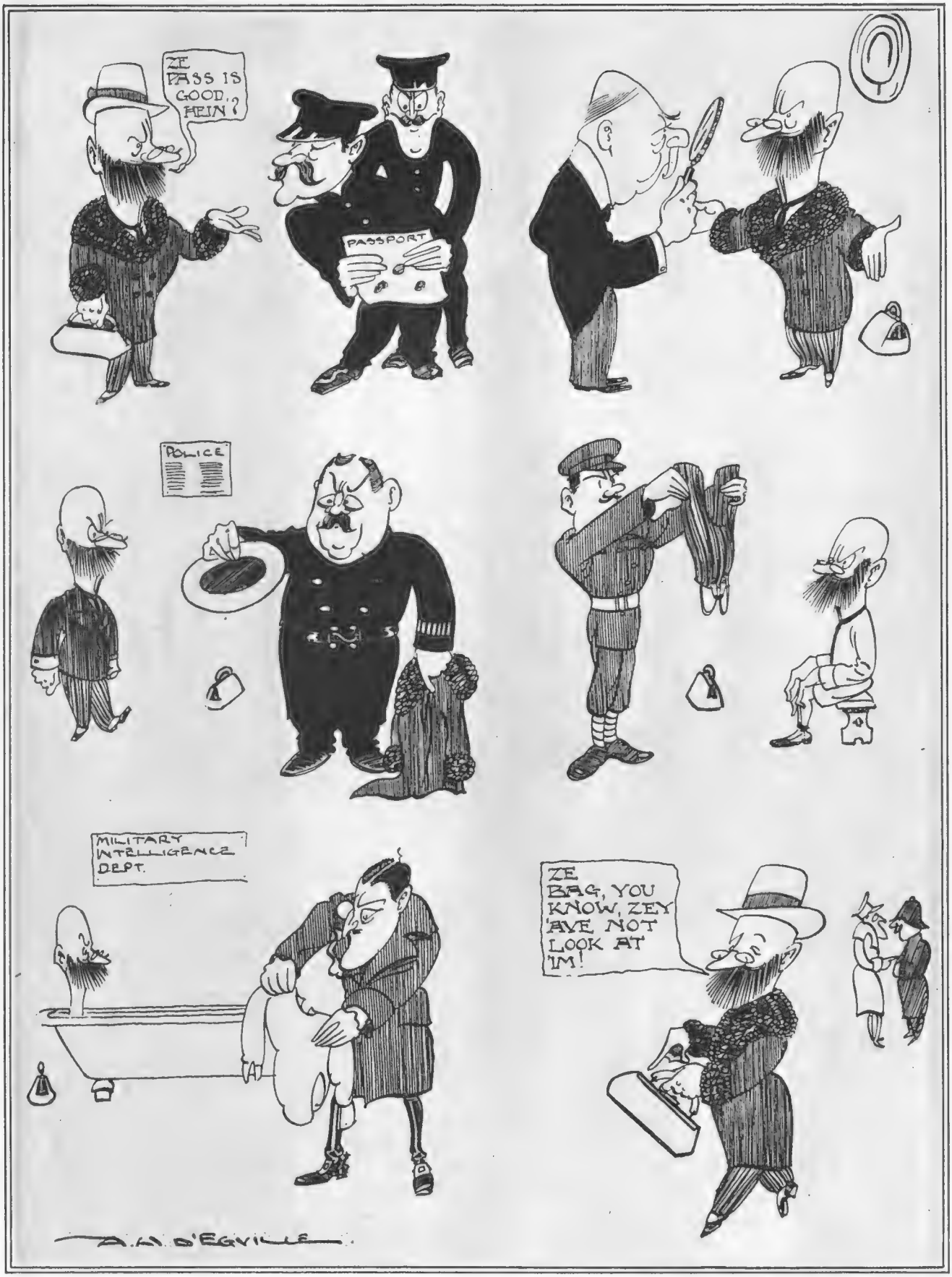
He shook his head at her, more in sorrow than in anger. Then, after making sure that she had no more jewels, he opened the door, glanced quickly up and down the passage, and disappeared.

An Eye "Out of the Boat"

By Alfred Leete

"I SEE YOU'RE FOR OXFORD, MATE"

Customary Examinations !



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"All passengers landing at United Kingdom ports are subject to thorough searching"

—*The Home Secretary in the House of Commons*

POLITICS: Liberals and Unionists

BY "FITZWILLIAM"

ALL wars leave complications, and, whether we consider money, manners, or morals, we find this always is the case. But the recent War has bequeathed political results of an unusual nature, because it compelled coalition: coalition no longer seems to suit everybody. We find signs of this in the bye-elections, which every day grow more confused. One day, at the Wrekin, we find an Independent (roughly a Moderate Unionist) against a Coalition Liberal; Sir Walter de Frece is nearly upset by a Liberal; as I write, at Stockport the Unionists are being soothed into leaving the Coalition a free field. There is extraordinary confusion in the anti-Labour parties. Unionists, Coalition Unionists, National Party, Liberals, Coalition Liberals, Independents, Anti-Wasters, tumble over each other, put up programmes that resemble each other, quarrel over details . . . and may in the end defeat themselves by letting in the Labour man.

⚜ ⚜

SPEAKING without partisanship, I cannot help detecting old prejudices and muddled conceptions in old cries now replaced by new desires. In the old days, it could be said roughly that a Unionist was a man who objected to Home Rule, but supported tariffs, the land interest, the Church, and, lately, the Empire. Contrariwise, a Liberal wanted Home Rule, Free Trade, small holdings, secular education. But the War compelled compromise, and labels mean nothing. Liberals accept tariffs; Unionists regulate rents and food prices in spite of the landlords, and even accept a Home Rule Bill. What, then, is left of the old wrangles? In my opinion, nothing at all.

EXCELSIOR! By HARRY WOOLLEY

⚜ ⚜

THEREFORE, it seems that the parties must sort themselves out on entirely different lines, mainly on the lines which have been laid down by the European Labour and Socialist Parties. The struggle now lies round the organisation of Society itself. Labour wishes to nationalise all the big industries, strictly to limit fortunes; Liberals and Unionists, on the other hand, would leave the world in charge of the private individual. I am not criticising either of these parties. I merely state the facts, and I assert that as Liberals and Unionists have, in the main, the same conception of the State, it is ridiculous that they should remain separate. If they remain separate, the Labour Party will carry a number of seats to which it is not entitled. At a general election, it may gain four hundred seats. It may not collect many more votes than would entitle it to, say, a hundred seats, but if we are to have four or five candidates per seat, of whom all but one almost entirely agree, the Labour Party, which votes solid, is bound to score.

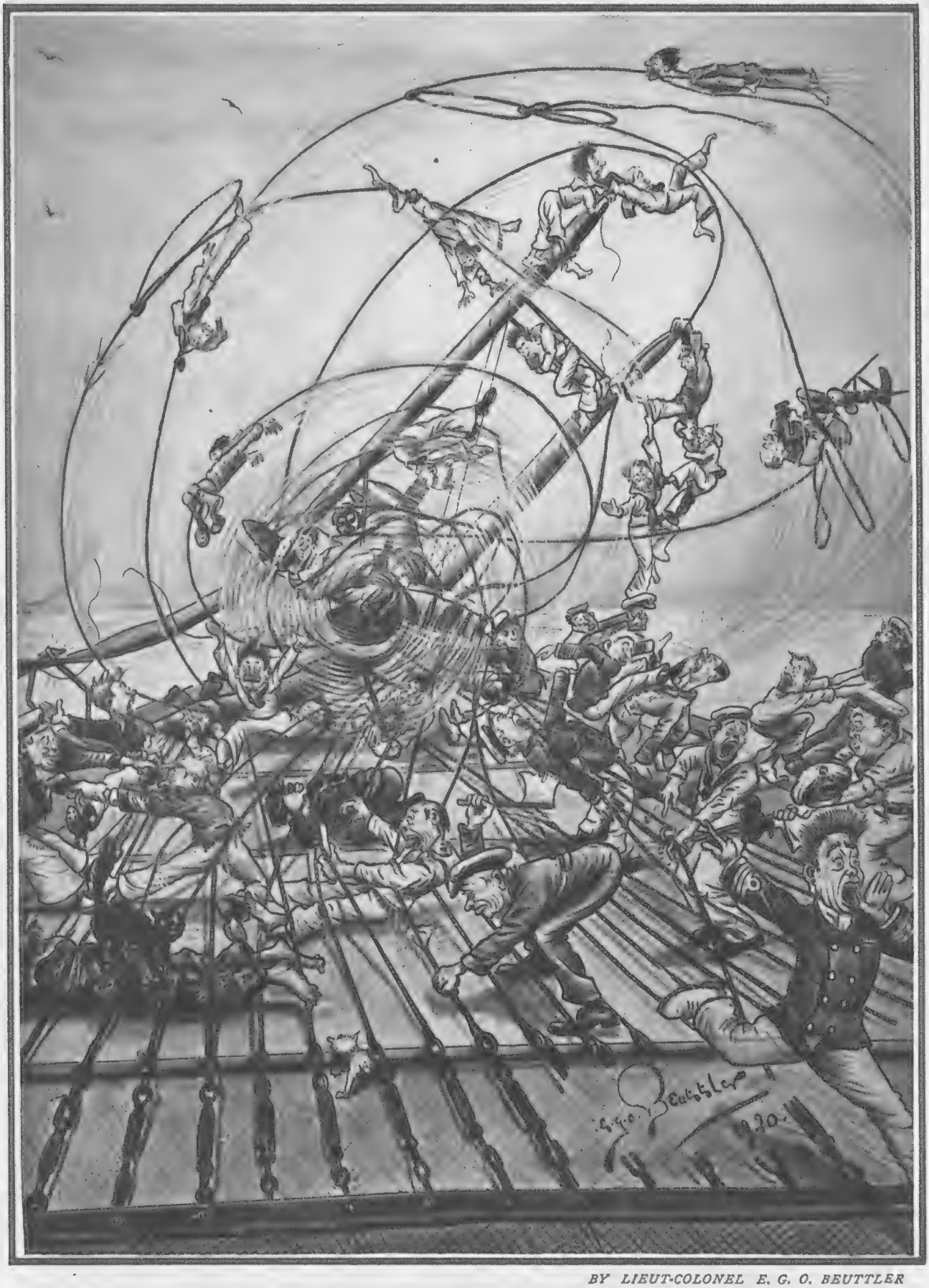
⚜ ⚜

A "LABOUR" reader may reply: "Good, that suits us very well." But does it? We have not yet forgotten the 1906 election, when the Liberals came in with an enormous, chaotic majority, which was powerless against the House of Lords. Why was it powerless? Because it held more seats than its votes justified, because it knew that it was not adequately supported in the country. What would be the situation of a Labour Party which held two-thirds of the seats and only one-third of the votes? How would the House of Lords treat it? What would happen to it when the Lords forced it to go back to the country? It would crash, and it would set back its cause thirty years.

⚜ ⚜

THEREFORE, and speaking for no party, but only as one who cares for the harmonious and prosperous development of the country, it seems urgent that Liberals and Unionists should find common ground. The best way to do it is to abandon those old names, for the Unionist of to-day, led by Sir Edward Carson, has practically given up the Union, while the Liberal is no more liberal than the Unionist. They need to construct some national party, that definitely takes its stand against Labour. It may win, it may be beaten, but that does not matter. What does matter is that the new party should represent something real, namely, the present system, just as Labour represents something real, a proposed system. If we do not do this, it will be our fault if a disgusted population makes further trouble.

When the Navy Takes Over the Air Force



BY LIEUT-COLONEL E. G. O. BEUTTLER

AN AEROPLANE LANDING ON THE DECK OF THE AIR-CRAFT CARRIER "ARGUS"

Drillometry

It has been evident for a long time that all military matters are becoming increasingly scientific; and it is, therefore, with no surprise that we announce the invention of an entirely new mathematical science, known as Drillometry. Mr. Churchill doubtless had this in mind when he stated: "The Army will be better educated, better trained——" "The Platoon Commander will be responsible for the elementary educational training of his men."

The following is an instance of how the Platoon Commander will instruct his men under the new system:—

"Platoon—Att-e-e-en—shun! I shall show you to-day
The theory of 'Arm Presentation,'
And explain you the new Drillometrical way
To solve this erratic gyration.

Let x be your hand, on a circular course,
And y be the rifle you're armed with;
Then x must meet y with a dynamite force,
And a sound Professor Bragg would be charmed with.

"Now y, that's the weight, must be raised up erect
By x, till it's quite perpendicular,
And brought to a point where it's seen to bisect
A line 'twixt the circles lenticular.

"Then, with x as a fulcrum, just let the weight slide—
Down your digital parts (and you'll gore 'em),
Till your nose and the apex of y coincide
Boss to boss—that's the Pons Squintinorum.

"By x you'll soon find that y weighs a ton;
But the y that you've found you must keep there,
Till the body inspectral and GSO (1)—
Go down bottom that man gone to sleep there!

"With the legs an abstruse angulation contrive
(But, mind you, on no account bend 'em).
Now we'll do the Present. Slope—Up! Look alive.
Pres-e-e-ent—Up. Q. E. Faciendum."

John V. Bridges

Labour Again: An Unfortunate Misinterpretation

By W. E. Wigfull.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SHOULD REALLY BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE THEY PUT THEIR NOTICES

The Grand National

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

"WELL OVER!"

Unerring Intuition!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

CUSTOMER: "I—er—er—want to see an—er—er——"
JEWELLER: "Certainly, sir. James—bring forward that tray of engagement rings!"

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XXII.—REGGIE ON D.O.R.A.

"Of course, Reggie," I said, "Dora may be a bit out of date. But we cannot expect. . . ."

"My dear old thing, the British Empire, which sent umpteen million men to the War and fought the good fight in some style, has so far forgotten its ancient glories that it's afraid to sell milk chocolate after eight o'clock *ack emma*. We defeated the hosts of Satan, and are afraid of the terrible dangers that lurk in an off-licence. While the capital of our defeated enemies gives itself up to an orgy of nocturnal pleasures we, the proud victors, wrap ourselves in funereal garments and proclaim that life is sad and bad. As somebody or other once said, we only need another victory like the last one and the dear old country will slide down the nick of oblivion. Our heroes who fought for a better life find themselves, to their dismay, living in the Puritans' idea of a Better Land. The chief result of putting it across Beelzebub seems to be that the British working-man is going to be done out of his beer.

"There are Dark Forces at work, my lad, and the sooner the country gets wise to them the sooner we shall be heard to smile again. There are female Rasputins in this country, and they whisper into the domestic ear of Cabinet Ministers. They preach no vice. There is nothing so human about 'em. They preach a stony, refrigerated age of virtue, in which any man who takes a peep at the wine while it is red will be blasted on the spot. There are several millions of people living around us who desire to extract as much honest pleasure from life as is possible in the depleted circumstances. They are not abandoned sinners nor dissipated *roués*. They are plain, honest citizens, who wear woollen socks and have wives and families. But the organised Rasputins have the bulge on the patient, unorganised millions. We are driven along like sheep at the point of an Order in Council. And the name of our gentle shepherdess is not Bo-Peep, but Dora.

"If St. George himself sat down anywhere in Merrie England to-day at four o'clock in the afternoon and ordered a small port, he would find that, in spite of his well-known and popular exploit of biffing the dragon, the sumptuary laws of the country he patronises would prevent him taking pleasant sustenance in celebration of the happy event. Like Old Bill of Armenteers, in search of beer, he'd find he had to wait a few hours until a maternal Government opened the door of its controlled and licensed mausoleums and consented to dole out a small portion of the precious fluid.

"I'm not crying out for excess, my lad. I don't desire to paint the town red, and my day for bonneting policemen is past. But I would like to live my own sweet life, and the country as a whole is with me. But every time you put out a glad hand to-day Dora hops up with her crook and gives you a hefty rap on the knuckles.

"Nor, my dear old thing, do I desire to feed exclusively on chocolate. But the other evening at the theatre I wandered out of my *loge* in search of something with ribbons tied round it. The hour was nine o'clock, or thereabouts. I approached a pert young thing, wearing a positively fetching apron, and asked her to procure me a box of chocolates. She looked at me with pity in her eyes. 'No chocolates after eight o'clock,' she said. I stared at her. 'Pon me soul I did. 'But,' I said, 'I have with me a blue-eyed person of seventeen who is dying for want of chocolates. Come now. Just one box.' Upon which the young lady in the apron assured me in severe tones that it was the Law, and that nothing could be done. *Mon ami*, I thought of the heat of the desert and the nasty mud of Flanders. I thought of bully beef, and nominal rolls in triplicate, and all the other horrors

"The name of our gentle shepherdess . . is Dora"

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (concluded)

of the Great War. And I said to the young lady: 'Is it for this, then, that we fought the good fight?' And she answered brightly, 'Yes, sir. You can't have chocolates, but you can have lemonade.' And I felt that I was, indeed, living in a heroes' paradise."

"Yes, but, Reggie, this question of chocolates is only temporary. One of these days. . . ."

"No doubt, old thing, no doubt. One day it will be announced with a great flourish of trumpets and clashing of cymbals that in future the sale of chocolates in this Free Realm of England will be permitted to all law-abiding citizens up to the nocturnal hour of nine o'clock. It will be proudly proclaimed as a great victory of joy over gloom. The Government will be warmly congratulated inside and outside the House for this bold step, which restores at one stroke the ancient privileges of a liberty-loving people. And amid all the dust and clamour of the joyful event the Puritans, the Pussyfooters, the Killjoys, and all the other Gloomy Beans will get away with their fell designs and shackle us down more firmly than ever.

"It's only for the small change of life, my lad, that our rulers gird up their loins in these days. For everything that really matters one would say that proud Britannia and sturdy John Bull are getting past their prime. We seem to do precisely all those kinds of stunts that the British Empire wasn't built on. We foozle the German situation, and let the Huns hold fake trials on their own dirty dogs of heroes. We play hide-and-seek with the dainty, blood-stained Turk; kow-tow to the poor Indian Moslem; flirt with Lenin and Trotsky, and see poor old Koltchak go to his sticky fate without a tremor. All these things we do without boasting about 'em. I wouldn't say myself that they're heroic. But they're big. There's no doubt at all about the colossal size of 'em. But would this country allow a late luncher to order half a pint of bitter at half-past three of an afternoon? No, sir. Not even for Mr. Montagu's famous Indian Moslems, all bred in Palestine. And would this country allow an honest City clerk to continue his game of billiards after ten o'clock at night? Not even for the bright eyes of Lenin or Trotsky. There are some things on which we are adamant. The voice of the chucker-out is heard crying, 'Time, gentlemen, please,' and, like our Saxon forefathers, we toddle obediently home to bed at the sound of the curfew.

"The fact is, my dear old thing, this country needs a revolution. I don't mean the usual proletarian

"No chocolates after 8 o'clock!"

kind, with machine-guns and guillotines, and the gentlemen with the red ties and long hair writing out death warrants in Whitehall. No, the sort of popular upheaval I mean would be a rising of all the pleasant people who wash their necks, try to pay their taxes, and play the game with both God and Mammon.

"The great chance was missed on Peace Night. On that glad occasion every small shop that deals in baleful sweets and chocolates, every humble pub, and every blithesome restaurant ought to have kept its shutters down and its lights blazing until three o'clock in the morning, or later. There ought to have been a complete break away from the Spartan habits which we put on to win the War. We are supposed to be a nation of shopkeepers, and the dear old police couldn't very well have arrested the whole community. One such gentle movement as that and the hempen cords that bind us would have been burst asunder.

"But the opportunity was lost. In the ringing words of Lloyd George, when somebody else was trying to do the job, we were Too Late. And it will take a bit of doing to recapture lost ground. But it can be done. There ought to be started at once, under the highest patronage, a League for Getting Our Own Back. In every city, borough, and village it should found an Association for Painting the Town Red. All the boys and nuts, the filberts and the lads of the village, should get together and map out a plan of campaign. Every feller who ever wore a striped waistcoat, every priceless old bean who ever wore a gardenia in his buttonhole or dipped the end of a carefully waxed moustache into a foaming tankard, should be up and doing, and swear to fling off the incubus of Puritanism that lies upon our chests. Every village could give its solitary policeman such a high old time that he'd resign after the first fortnight. Every town could compete joyously with its neighbours for the highest total of gay martyrs who had accepted seven days in a good cause. And in London the fires of Smithfield, so to speak, would blaze out once more. People would rush for martyrdom, instead of going to the pictures. Whole suburbs would be depopulated of their breadwinners as they marched cheerfully in close column of fours to gaol, having trodden on Dora's corns the night before. Within a month the whole country would come to a standstill because of the disappearance of the tax-paying classes into the jolly old gaols. And. . . ."

"Of course, if you were serious, Reggie. . . ."

"Serious! My dear old thing, I was never so gloomy in my life. If I really thought there were anything in the idea I'd become President of the League myself."

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Bystander in PARIS

"MI-CARÊME." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

GAY days, *mes amis*, these days of *Mi-Carême* in Paris. One can feel life again, and laugh and make a noise and be absurd in a domino, with all the world for a partner. *Tiens !* it has been a long Lent, these last six years without a procession of Queens and all the fun, but those of our pessimistic Allies who say France is done for should have seen the Boulevards when the *cortège* passed.

YOU know, we have still beautiful girls in Paris. That was why we had to select ten Queens. Even the old *marchande des quatre saisons*, who was squeezed into my arms with the crush declared that she had never seen a prettier lot in all the years before the War. True, it is the first time we have ever had a Queen of Queens with what you call "bobbed" hair. But what would you ? There has been a War, and everything changes in a War.

"Her Majesty mocked herself of her machine à écrire"

WHEN Mlle. Lucile Bataille has told the *coiffeur* to cut her locks she has not thought that some day she would ride in her chariot of gold and white and be cheered by all Paris. She has thought only how it would be convenient when she slept too late in the morning and had to hurry to her work and her *machine à écrire*.

"When she slept too late"

BUT to-day Her Majesty mocked herself of her *machine à écrire*. She was Queen of Queens with Allies from Italy and Metz to share her triumphs, and all the good citizens of Paris to cheer her. Monsieur the President of the Republic alone had the honour to kiss her (unless, perhaps, it was very privately). What honour for a little bobbed hair typist—what condescension on the part of Her Majesty! Beat little heart, your chariot is gorgeous with plaster Cupids and lions, and your pages and maids of honour and guard in gold and green, are as devoted to you as were those of Marie Antoinette. Your crown is only for a day (look, the rain has cleared and the sun is shining), but it is more secure than those of many who have reigned in Paris.

NEVER has there been such a crowd as in the Boulevards. And there was another Queen whose name they called, and who blew her kisses back with a strong-arm energy. It was our little Suzanne Wurtz, champion of the *natation* and Queen of Sport. "They say she swims the Seine every Christmas Day to amuse herself," said my old *marchande des quatre saisons*, "*quelle folie* for a *jeune fille*." But all the world does not think like that old banana-seller who now trod on my toes. We are become a nation of sportsmen, and Suzanne goes to challenge the world to swim. She is pretty, too, my faith. *Vive* Suzanne, *vive le sport !*

MI-CARÊME is about the only day in the year when the Quartier Latin comes on to the Boulevards. It always has a great success, though some of us thought how we did things better in our time. The policemen did not have it all quite so much their own way then, and they made no silly rules about not having confetti. Of course, the rule was broken. I caught my august brother Charles, who ought to behave better, introducing himself promiscuously by means of a bag he had saved from before the War in his miserly way.

AND Jean, my cousin Jean, who borrows my money from me, just because he is at the Sorbonne, had the impudence to carry off a little Harlequin on his arm after she had favoured me first by knocking in my hat with her bat. When

"Introducing himself promiscuously"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

the procession passed one could move again. That was a relief, even if one should be insulted by being hit with a carrot, because my seller of bananas was as heavy as a howitzer, and she wished to see all that happened. What the Harlequin had done to my hat she and the others seemed to do to the rest of me. When one has made the War for five years, it is not at first with dignity that one can support to be so ill-treated by market women and midinettes.

But I have seen there was only one thing to do, to dress in fancy dress like all those silly ones. What a night it has been! Gi-Gi and I have gone to four dances, and everyone was more crowded than the other. How bad the music was, but that does not matter if one can fox-trot to it. And in the street they danced, too. Even the portico of the Bourse has not been sacred. A fat man with a trombone and a thin man with a fiddle and a boy with a concertina have made the orchestra. It was only asphalt to dance on, but what matter? *Vive la danse.*

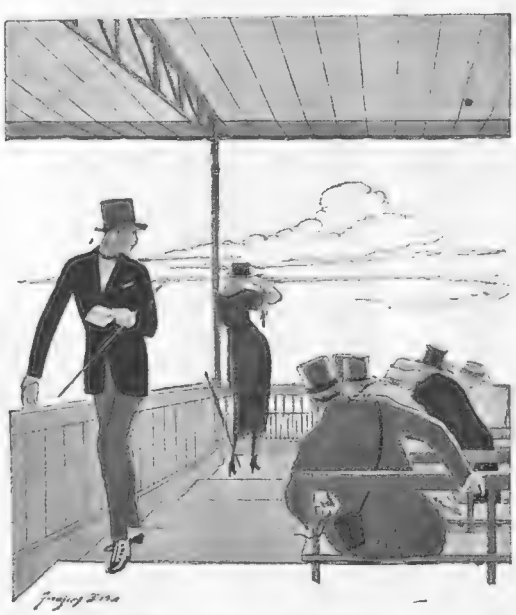
For one night—the first since the Armistice and the second in six years—Paris has been herself again—gay at heart and forgetting all her troubles and the *vie chère.* Even we have forgotten that we have all made a strike against the taxis, and everyone has used them just as if they had not doubled the price. But what joy it has been these days to see them all in rows—hundreds of them—from the Madeleine to the Porte Saint Denis waiting and nobody to call "taxi." It has been so sweet a revenge for the days when one has shouted in vain and run and cursed, and when you wanted to go to Passy they have all decided they would not go except to Levallois-Perret.

"With Harlequin on his arm"

Though I seem to remember that everyone laughed, you know it is curious I don't remember what things we laughed about, or, perhaps, it is that one cannot write them in English. It was just a feeling of joy. The bill for that old War has still to be paid, but, never mind, the War is over at last, and we have begun to realise it. It was the Queen of *Mi Carême* who brought back our laughter. *Vive la Reine!* and, by Jove, yes, *vive* Millerand, who waited till the fête was over before he started more coal saving and shutting up the cafés before it is time to go to bed.

PHILIPPE

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.



THE GRAND STAND

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of Pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour 17" x 12" at 1s. each.

JUDGMENT FOR THE DEFENDANT
— WITH COSTS. —
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is annoyingly amusing to be compelled to write the obvious . . . and so I seldom write of clothes. But if one lives by, with, or on any thing, one should be faithful to the subject sometimes.

There is a feeling that men's clothes are scandalously dear.

They are—so is everything else—and they will be dearer. Dearness is one of the "rare and refreshing fruits" of war, which makes everything dear, except life.

The price in blood having been paid, we have now to foot the material bill of costs. We are still spending a mere million or so a day more than our revenue, in order that we may enable our political and militaristic adventurers to make England a home fit for Neros to live in.

But I am again becoming unfaithful to my subject . . . clothes.

Before the war the Government made about one or two shillings out of every £1 net profit made by Pope and Bradley. To-day, with increased taxation, excess profits tax, and last, but not least, the corner in raw material, the Government makes £2 to every £1 profit made by this House

It must never be forgotten that the Government have cornered wool. They bought it cheaply and are selling it dearly, and admit to a profit of £60,000,000. Add to this profit, a profit made out of the trader, and the public a colossal income tax, and an overspending of income by hundreds of millions, how is it possible to keep the price of good clothes down?

The Government are the profiteers, and the Government are forcing prices higher.

The prices of this House will shortly go up. And I advise those who deal here to take note of this.

They must go up and keep up for a year or more.

At present the average charge for a really good Lounge Suit is from twelve to sixteen guineas—just about double pre-war: yet the best materials from which they are made cost me 160 per cent. more than in 1914. And they were bought (fortunately) nine months ago, and to day's price in woollen materials is 260 per cent. advance on 1914.

If these materials were bought now—if they could be bought now—the price of a suit would have to be advanced from twenty to twenty-five guineas.

Compared with the cost of women's clothes, men's are ridiculously cheap, I know, because I have to pay. For fifty guineas one buys a gown weighing little more than the leaves of Eve.

My desire is to endeavour to keep prices sane. I loathe this artificial inflation of values, which is so unsolid, and in a national sense is so nearly akin to bankruptcy.

These notes are a cold mathematical statement of facts, which are written for the benefit of the clients of this House. Lounge Suits from £12 12s.; Dinner Suits from £16 16s.; Dress Suits from £18 18s.; Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY.
14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL

Sir Berkeley

THOSE who read these notes will know that I have been a Sir Berkeley man for the Lincolnshire ever since the weights appeared. It has always been my opinion that he would start favourite if his stable really fancied him, because his owner's support alone would be sufficient to shorten his price in the market. Added to this, you have the fact that Donoghue, his jockey, would certainly have a public following. But these points have not influenced me in supporting the colt; nor am I swayed by the knowledge that he polished off Gay Lord and others in a recent trial, though I welcome the result of the gallop as an assurance that the horse is fit and well. I am chiefly guided by the horse's performances last back-end. He was always "there or thereabouts" at the finish of his races, and, after seeing him narrowly beaten at Kempton Park, I made up my mind to follow him until he proved a winner.

A Likely Winner

I AM told that Sir Berkeley has nothing in hand of Scatwell on their Cambridgeshire running, but the former is less massive, and, therefore, a more likely sort to win in the early spring than Lord Glanely's horse. Indeed, he strikes me as being just the right sort for Lincoln, and, in any case, those who took my hint and got on him at 100 to 8 or more, look like having much the better of the market. Monteith, whose able trainer is caricatured by "The Tout" this week, is as genuine a horse as any in the race. He is nicely handicapped; he has won a good trial, and many are quite convinced that he will win. Bruff Bridge is another well-fancied one. He undoubtedly possesses a bit of class, and, though a non-stayer, the easy Lincoln mile should suit him. There are others for whom I have respect, but I do not propose to wade through their prospects. **Sir Berkeley** remains my choice, and I take MONTEITH as a second string.

The Grand National

WITH the prospect of His Majesty's visit, the social success of the Liverpool meeting is assured. From the sporting standpoint the three days at Aintree are invariably a great treat. The Grand National has opened out a little during the past few days, thanks to Troytown's good performance at Lingfield. It has been my view all along that if Poethlyn is to be beaten on Friday it will be by one of the Irish cracks. I have had a deep regard for Ballyboggan, my belief being that the new weights would put him on a level with the favourite. But latest form suggests that Ballyboggan is not so good as he was last year, and I reluctantly pass him over in favour of Troytown.

BY "THE TOUT"

H. L. COTTRILL, THE TRAINER OF MONTEITH

Trainer of Irish Elegance and many other good winners at Foxhill last season, Cottrill is now quartered at Lambourn, and hopes to make a good start with Monteith at Lincoln

Troytown's Chance

FOR Major Gerrard's horse I have had the warmest admiration since I saw him at Aintree twelve months ago. A better-looking 'chaser I never saw. His performances at Paris and elsewhere convincingly prove his merit. The point now is, will he stay the tremendous journey? And if so, will he beat Poethlyn at an advantage of 13 lbs.? After what Mrs. Peel's great horse has accomplished it seems like heresy to suggest the possibility of his defeat, but he is this time up against another great horse in **Troytown**, and I shall venture to make the Irishman my selection. If fit, Clonree should be the best of the outsiders.

Spring Cup Selection

ANOTHER interesting event will be the Liverpool Cup on Thursday. I am prepared to see **Planet** put up a good show in this race.

[*For caricatures by "The Tout" of personalities at the Grand National, see pages* 834 *and* 835.]

Financial Frills and Thrills

UNGRATEFUL is the task of the financial quill-driver when his readers are squirming at the daily depreciation of their property, represented by investments in stocks and shares, for reasons invisible to the naked optic. The world is at peace, at all events the Armistice was signed sixteen months ago, and the numerous "little wars," in which the nations are keeping their hand in, are not a circumstance compared with the European conflagration.

MONEY, although, as usual, in universal demand, is not particularly dear, and the Bank of England rate is, as I anticipated, retained at 6 per cent. The labour situation is not ideal, yet industry is expanding by leaps and bounds, in spite of the claims of the working-classes for more pay and shorter hours.

"PURE cussedness" alone explains the failure of the Stock Exchange to respond to this concatenation of potential, if qualified, "bull points," and the pituitary glands, pictorially presented in last week's BYSTANDER, are obviously in immediate need of inoculation if the monetary hub of the universe is to escape from the prevailing attack of sleeping sickness.

LET us hope that the coming Budget will supply a tonic counteracting the baleful effects of irresponsible forecasts of a capital levy or war-wealth tax. The pubilc are fairly fed-up with Parliamentary camouflage, and it behoves the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay the cards on the table, in sight of all men.

IF business is slack in the Stock Markets in existing securities, with prices drooping through the predominance of sellers, no complaint can be made by investors of the lack of fresh outlets for their money. New issues are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and the cry is "still they come," it being, in fact, a case of *l'embarras de choix*—and mixed pickles at that. Far from *jam satis* being the word, the 7½ per cent. First Preference shares, offered at par by a world-wide-known preserve company, have been largely subscribed by an eager public, and brilliant success, it goes without saying, attended the issue of 10 per cent. Preference shares by Cotton Mills, curiously enough rejoicing in a very similar initial title. The capital of both concerns runs into seven millions, and others of equally imposing dimensions have been, and will be, "on the carpet." We think in big figures nowadays.

TO so low a level have British Government Stocks fallen that it seems almost a work of supererogation to recommend their purchase, the yield of the 5 per cent. War Loan and the 4 per cent. Victory and Funding Loans—not to mention the National War Bonds—being beyond the old-fashioned miser's dream. The times are, however, *pro tem.* out of joint, everything depending on the course of the money market, and I accordingly abstain from prophecy in regard to the common-or-garden sort of stocks.

FOR the guidance of those fair readers of THE BYSTANDER who happen to peruse this column I may mention that the shares of Courtauld's, Limited, are bound to go higher when the "viscera" bonus materialises. The company is making fabulous profits out of artificial silk, and stockings of that ilk will be *la mode* whatever befalls stocks. Next, please.

SHYLOCK

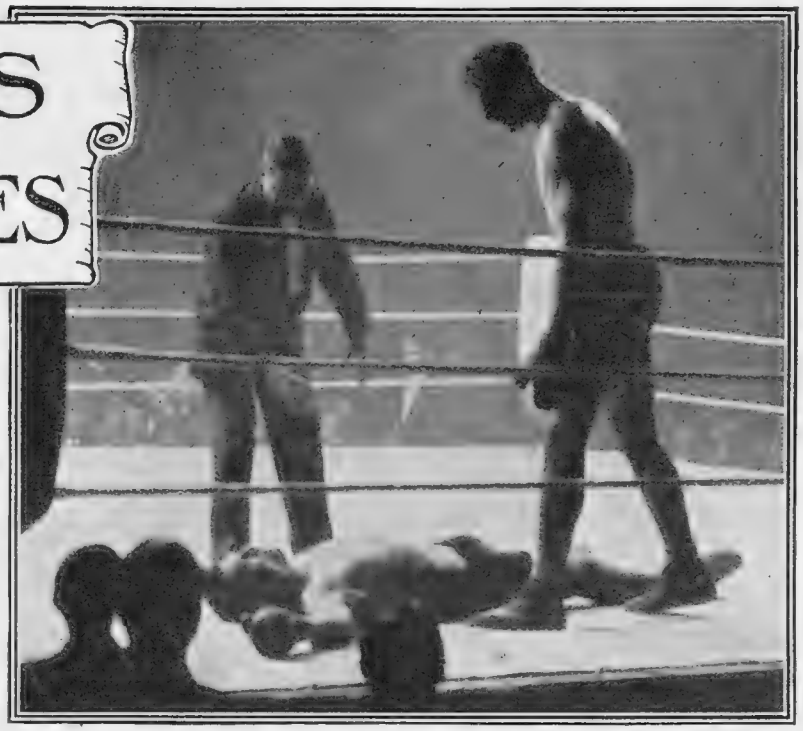
BY LAWRENCE STONE

THE NEW OLIVER "TWIST-ER"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

GAMES AND PASTIMES



"HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT"

Bombardier Wells bending over his defeated opponent, the Frenchman, Paul Journée, whom he knocked out at the Albert Hall last Wednesday, after a most plucky resistance, in the 13th round. His attitude, it will be noticed, is almost apologetic

ATHLETICS

Oxford v. Cambridge

SATURDAY next will be a great day for Oxford and Cambridge men, with the 'Varsity Sports at Queen's Club and the 'Varsity Boat Race both claiming their attention, and, since the race cannot be rowed until after 5 p.m., it will be possible to "do" both—an altogether tempting proposition in view of the fact that in both cases the tussle is likely to be a very keen one. Sport at both Universities has suffered far less from having been in abeyance during the War than might have been expected, and at Queen's Club on Saturday we shall find that in nearly every event the standard is as high as it was in pre-War days.

Oxford's Two Mainstays

BOTH Universities have several athletes of more than average attainments. In their President, B. G. D. Rudd, Oxford have a man capable of emulating the achievements of H. S. O. Ashington, who for three years before the War, in which he lost his life, was the mainstay of Cambridge. In 1913 Ashington won three events, the Hurdles, the Long Jump (in which he broke the 'Varsity record), and the Half-Mile; he was also first-rate at the High Jump, which he won in 1914. Rudd, who is a South African, is equally versatile; his events are the Hundred, the Quarter, the Half, and the Long Jump. It is, of course, unlikely that he will attempt all the four, but, bar accidents, he will run in the Quarter and the Half for a certainty. His best event is the Quarter, in which at Oxford he recently did 49 1-5th secs., thereby creating a new record for the track. Another fine runner is E. S. Montague, the Oxford Three-Miler and cross-country runner. He, too, is the creator of a new track record at Oxford, having done the three miles in 14min. 52 2-5th secs.

Favourites at Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE also has two outstanding men in H. M. Abrahams and E. D. Mountain. Both are in their first year, and will, therefore, be valuable assets for the next three years. Abrahams is a fine sprinter and a strong favourite—at Cambridge, at any rate—for the Hundred, in which he has done 10 1-5th secs., under conditions which were none too good. He is also first string for the Long Jump, in which he has done 22 ft. Mountain is first string for the Half Mile, which he ran at Cambridge in the good time of 1 min. 57 2-5th secs. Another runner of whom high hopes are entertained is H. B. Stallard. He won the Mile at Cambridge in 4 min. 31 2-5th secs. when not quite fit, and is likely to improve on that time on Saturday.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

MAJOR A. C. G. LUTHER, M.C. (left) AND MAJOR A. J. H. SLOGGETT, D.S.O.

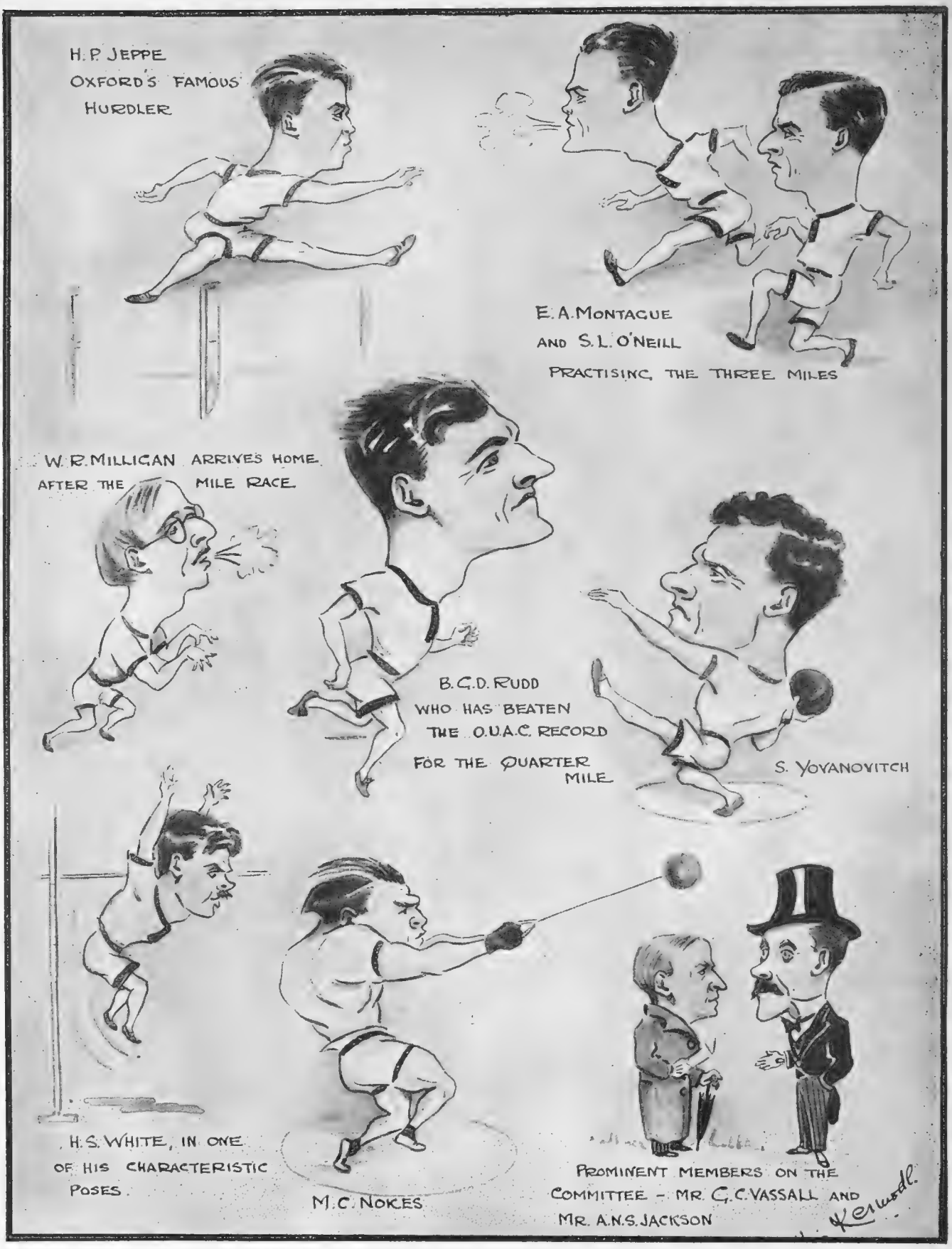
Finalists in the Army Racquets Singles Championship, in which Major Sloggett gained a somewhat unexpected, but thoroughly well-deserved, victory

Comparative Values

A COMPARISON of the performances in the Sports at the two Universities is always worth making. It gives some indication, at any rate, of the way things are likely to go, though, of course, since the two sets of performances are done on different tracks and under different conditions, such a comparison cannot lead to anything in the nature of proof. The comparison in this instance reveals a tolerably even state of affairs. Cambridge ought to make certain of the Weight with R. S. Woods, the old Blue, and of the Long Jump with Abrahams, whose 22 ft., though not a great jump, beats that of L. S. Ingram (Oxford) by about a foot. Cambridge also look like winning the Half Mile with

(*Continued on page 860*)

Whom Do You Fancy



OXFORD

Some impressions in caricature of the leading athletes of Oxford and Cambridge sketched Saturday next. There are athletes of exceptional merit on both sides and the struggle for

for the 'Varsity Sports?

CAMBRIDGE

by Miss Phyllis Kermode during practice for the 'Varsity sports to be held at Queen's Club on nearly every one of the ten events on the programme bids fair to be a very keen one.

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Mountain, and the Mile with Stallard.

Slight Odds on Cambridge

OXFORD, on the other hand, may, with some confidence, expect to win the Hammer with M. C. Nokes, the Hurdles with H. P. Jeppe, and the Three Miles with Montague. The comparison also favours the chances of Rudd in the Quarter, but it is no certainty for him, for Cambridge have a fine quarter-miler in G. M. Butler, who is capable of getting inside 50 secs., like Rudd, when put to it. He won, easing up, at Cambridge in 51 secs. In the High Jump there is, apparently, nothing to choose between H. S. White (Oxford) and E. S. Burns, while in the Hundred there are men on both sides who are capable of doing 10 1-5th secs., but I think the odds in this race are slightly in favour of Abrahams. The result of this race, which is usually run first, will have an important bearing upon the issue, and the other two events which may be regarded as critical are the Quarter and the High Jump. The winning of two out of these three last-named events may, in fact, and probably will, turn the scale. There is, of course, one possible result, and that is a tie. My impression is that it will be either that or (more probably) a win for Cambridge.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

H. W. KERR

Winning the Senior half-mile in the Eton College sports last week

ROWING

The Boat Race

AFTER Queen's, the riverside. Here the position has undergone a change since last week. Cambridge have had a run of bad luck which could hardly have come at a worse time, whereas Oxford have "trained on" fairly satisfactorily, and have justified the belief that they are a crew of distinct possibilities. Having declared for Cambridge last week I must stick to my guns, but I think that the crowd will now see what every crowd desires most of all—a tough struggle, and very possibly a tight finish. H. S. S.

The Veterans' Association

AN appeal is being made for assistance to establish the Veterans' Club in new and larger premises for the use, comfort, and assistance of those who have fought for the Empire, and the fact must not be lost sight of that every little helps. All particulars, literature, etc., can be obtained from the Organising Appeal Secretary, 47, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.

The best value now obtainable in Bedroom Furniture is

Hamptons "Penshurst" Bedroom Suite

The 6 ft. Suite, as illustrated, comprises 6 ft. Wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table, 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand, and 3 Chairs £51 10 0

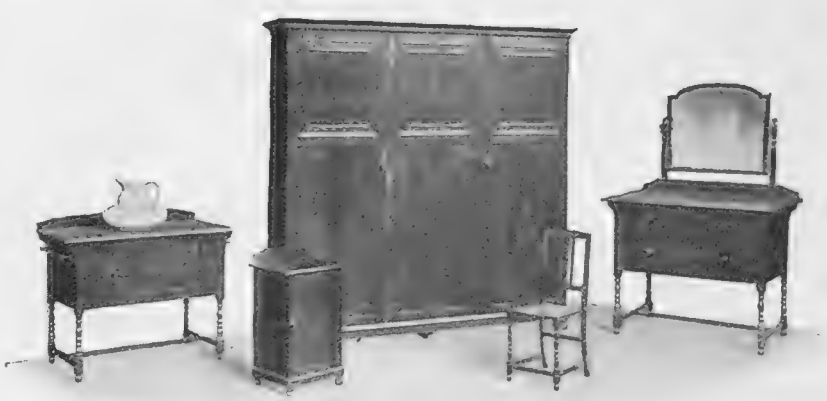
Oak Pedestal Cupboard extra £3 4 6

Oak Bedstead to match, fitted with sanitary steel sides, 3 ft. 0 in. £6 2 0. 4 ft. 6 in £7 5 0

The 5 ft. Suite comprises 5 ft. 0 in. Wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table, 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand, and 2 Chairs £47 17 0

4 ft. 0 in. Suite, same design £41 2 6

3 ft. 0 in. Suite, do. £35 10 0



This is one of a number of Suites which have been specially designed in Hampton's Studios to meet the current demand for Furniture in the Jacobean style. It is of solid oak, constructed throughout in best manner, and finished to a pleasing antique shade.

HAMPTONS PAY carriage to any Railway Station in GREAT BRITAIN.

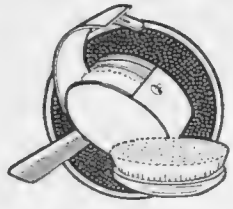
HAMPTONS Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W. 1. and at BUENOS AIRES.

Pears' SOLID BRILLIANTINE

It controls the hair—yet it is neither greasy nor gummy. It improves the hair—yet there is no hint of "medicine" in its delicate perfume.

One of Pears' Golden Series



Ask your Chemist to show you Pears' Golden Series to-day

A. & F. Pears, Limited
Makers of Pears' Soap
Matchless for the Complexion

Photograph *Central News*

THE UBIQUITOUS CINEMA-MAN AMONG SAHARA SANDS

Captain Merl la Voy, of the American Red Cross, filming camel-drivers at their prayers in the Sahara desert

J·C·VICKERY·
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties Jewellers Silversmiths & Dressing Case Manufacturers

Call and see Vickery's beautiful collection of novelties for : : : Easter Gifts

JEWELLERY, WATCHES, HAND-BAGS, TORTOISESHELL, ETC.

The Finest Selection of Dressing Cases in London

CATALOGUE POST FREE ON REQUEST

C. 2360. 22in. Blue Morocco Dressing Case, fitted with a beautiful Solid Tortoiseshell Toilet Set inlaid with Sterling Silver.

£183

Other Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen from £25 to £500.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

Two new books meeting haphazard on my table provoke curious thoughts. One is a personal account of military adventure in Siberia after the disruption of the Russian Empire, the other is a pacifist tract disguised as a novel. One is the work of a Labour Member of Parliament, the other comes from the pen of a much younger man, who has shown that he can write fastidiously and adventurously of cities and men, a poet of fire and imagination. But it is the Labour M.P. who writes of Siberia, and the fastidious poet who produces the pacifist tract. And both books succeed in concentrating a large measure of your attention on that much abused quality which Dr. Johnson in one of his grimmest moments called "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Patriotism, it seems, is no longer immune from the general unrest. Read Colonel John Ward's book, *With the "Die-Hards" in Siberia* (Cassell: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), and you see that fine patriotism which has been the British ideal since the time of Elizabeth—a duty which carries with it the high privilege of service. Read Mr. Douglas Goldring's novel, *The Black Curtain* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and you gather that Johnson was wondrous wise even when his words were torn from their context. Here patriotism is no longer a virtue, but a vice, and an unpleasantly capitalistic vice into the bargain. It means a shameful, lop-sided, narrow, hypocritical attitude, un-Christian and absurd. It leads to war and loss of all liberty. It is an old Tory dodge. We should all be brothers these days. (Ask any Anglo-Indian official if he does not think so.) Well, it is an ideal, I suppose, but the Tower of Babel has not yet been properly pulled down. States may be selfish old things, but . . . but the Literary Log-roller should not be political.

By Arthur Watts

BOOKS AND THEIR BUYERS

No. 2.—"Hidden Scandal of the European Courts"

⁂ ⁂

But you don't want to read any more military books, however patriotic and adventurous they may be? Make an exception. Obtain Colonel Ward's book in the honestest way open to you, and prepare to enjoy yourself. The Colonel's narrative is more or less uncensored. He says what he thinks, and what he thinks is generally very simple and direct. He has no high opinion of Allied diplomacy in the Far East, and says so—with reasons. In his book the Japs do not show to advantage, but neither do the Americans. Nor altogether do the French. Most intriguing! And then half-way through the book you sit up in surprise. Surely this battalion of the Middlesex Regiment was made up of G.S. men? And its commander was a regular of the regulars? Not a bit of it. But it just happened that O.C. and men maintained the old traditions, the best of the old traditions, and no man is sane who will turn his back upon them. And so you follow Colonel Ward through that amazing campaign when Allies as well as Bolshevics seemed determined to make things difficult, and through the equally fascinating tour when he inaugurated a sort of University Extension course, travelling thousands of miles to explain to those Russians, who so pig-headedly refused to accept the Bolshevics, our own Trades' Union movement. You see him in the tightest of corners extricating himself and his men in the best British way. And you think to yourself: "I must make people read this book." But, indeed, no log-rolling is needed. Colonel Ward's book is intensely interesting, and refreshingly indiscreet. Patriotism a vice? The Bolshevics our good brothers? I think of a negative popular with the rank and file. It begins with "no" and ends with "fear."

⁂ ⁂

But there is *The Black Curtain* to consider—with care, too, for it is a serious piece of work, passionately sincere and well-written. Mr. Goldring would probably agree with Mr. Wells in believing that the novel, being the most popular form of literary expression, should embrace all life and thought—particularly the writer's own thoughts. Here we see him presenting us with his ideal—an ideal which before the War we might have described goodhumouredly as "advanced." Mr. Goldring believes that our fetish of nationality makes for hypocrisy, unhappiness, loss of liberty and stagnation. But until human nature alters very materially—perhaps the new thyroid stuff will help things along? these bugbears are likely to remain.

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

HOWEVER, I keep forgetting that this is a literary and not a political log. *The Black Curtain* is a novel. It is not a particularly good novel, but it does interpret an attitude of mind which deserves attention. Its story is simple. A wandering Englishman returns to England before the War to find himself out of touch with the general trend of things. Then, when the War comes, he is caught up in the glamour of pacifism, marries a girl who has left her family traditions behind her, and sees her arrested (under Dora) at a time when she is about to have a child. Holloway is not the best place for a premature birth, and mother and child die. It is very harrowing. She acted according to her lights, and they happened to be unpopular. But it is possible to have what in medical books is called "restricted vision," and it seems to me that this book fails even as a tract. On the other hand, it is fully in accord with the times. It stands very definitely at the extreme end of what in political circles abroad is called, for some reason which I have never properly understood, "the left." It has passages of great beauty and it hits out hard. And it leaves you wondering why all these new ideas are so thoroughly uncomfortable.

Photograph *Central News*

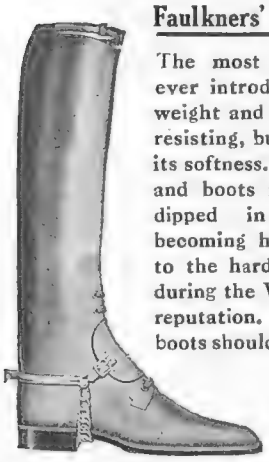
A "DESERT" NOVELIST IN HIS OWN LAND
Mr. Robert Hitchens, author of "The Garden of Allah" and many other famous novels, photographed at Biskra with his Arab attendant

* *

LIEUT.-COMMANDER C. H. ROLLESTON very kindly sends me a copy of *Aren't We Lucky?* which is the magazine of H.M.S. "Renown," August to December, 1919. Empire history was certainly in the making them for "Our Best Ambassador" was on board. The officers seem to have had a mighty good time, and in moments of relaxation, H.R.H. showed them that he knew well enough how to enjoy himself in true naval fashion. Good photographs are included, and the whole magazine is so well done that a successor will surely be demanded when the present Australasian voyage comes to an end.

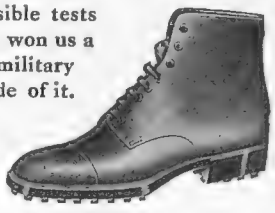
Faulkners' Military Boots and Leggings.

Pre-eminent in Peace and War.



Faulkners' Service Leather.

The most satisfactory leather ever introduced. It is light in weight and very water and wear resisting, but its great beauty is its softness. This it never loses and boots made of it may be dipped in water without becoming hard. It was put to the hardest possible tests during the War and won us a reputation. All military boots should be made of it.

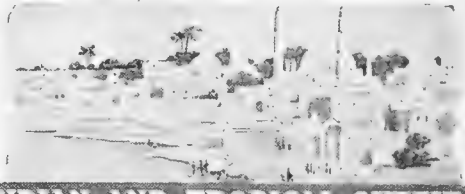


Write for Descriptive Booklet and Self-Measurement Apparatus (registered) if unable to call.

Faulkner & Son

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS & LEGGINGS.

51 & 52, South Molton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.
219, London Road, Camberley, and 26, Trinity Street, Cambridge.



INDIAN AND TROPICAL OUTFITS

Outfitting
for India and the Tropics

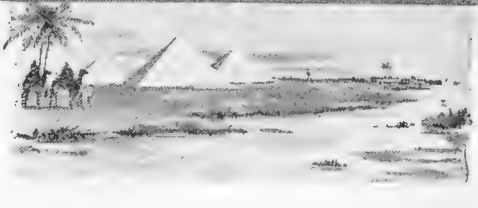
Officers, Sportsmen and Civilians taking up appointments in India, China, British East and West Africa, can obtain full particulars as to clothing and equipment suitable to the climate.

The high prices now ruling impose certain restrictions on purchases. Consequently our records and experience are of great value in the selection of suitable kit, and in the elimination of the non-essential.

Write for Patterns and Tropical List "B," mentioning nature of appointment.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
Military Tailors and Outfitters.

152 & 153 STRAND LONDON



For services rendered

No inducement is offered other than that of unequalled quality.

Muratti's ARISTON

It matters not whether you find solace in a seasoned briar, or appreciate the flavour of a choice Havana, there is always an occasion when connoisseurs find an ARISTON essential. And, at such times no substitutes are possible—there's not a tobacco, cigar or cigarette that can convey its pleasing distinctiveness.

So, quite naturally, we claim the ARISTON to be something more than the *usual* cigarette—it is a perfect blend of choicest Dubec tobaccos and appeals to *all* discriminating smokers.

ARISTON GOLD TIPPED
(22 ct.)
100—11/- 50—5/6
20—2/3 10—1/3

ARISTON NO. 10
100—11/- 50—5 6
25—2/10½ 10—1/3

ARISTON DELICAT
100—8/6 50- 4/3
25—2/1¼

ARISTON QUEENS
100—11/3 50- 5/9
25—2/10½

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS

Muratti cases are as distinctive and pleasing as the cigarettes they carry. They protect the cigarette, too.

B. Muratti Sons & Co. Ltd Manchester & London.

AE 3

Have Your Raincoat Cleaned

We can clean your Raincoat so that it will look as good as new, and, in addition, *reproof it* by a process which has proved absolutely effective after severe tests.

Write for prices, and address of Branch nearest to your Home or Office.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London, E. 9.

Branches and Agents Everywhere.

H.29.0

Made in the World's biggest high-grade Footwear Factory

It was public appreciation of Walk-Over Footwear for men and women that made Walk-Over the largest factory in the world engaged on high-grade boots and shoes.

Walk-Over gives a style, comfort and value that cannot be rivalled. Prove the statement—buy a pair of Walk-Over Boots or Shoes to-day.

Walk-Over

BOOTS and SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO.

(George E. Keith, British Stores Ltd.), Head Office:

372, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Branches:—London—227, Oxford Street, W.1. — 139-140, Cheapside, E.C. 2. — 80, Strand, W.C. 2. — 30, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4. — 15, Brompton Road, S.W. 1. — 135, Regent Street, W. 1.

Manchester — Liverpool — Leeds — Birmingham (2 shops) — Newcastle-on-Tyne — Glasgow — Edinburgh — Belfast—Cambridge — Brighton — Cardiff — Paris (2 shops)—Lyons—The Hague—Brussels.

RICARDO BROOK

"ON THE CARDS": THE HOMELESS LOVE BIRDS' SPRING DREAM

To Smokers!

our prices have NOT advanced

Regiment
10's...8d. 20's...1/4

Picardy
10's...7d. 20's...1/2

Touchwuds
10's...6d. 20's...1/–

BRANDONS

Gold Flake	Navy Cut
10's ... 5½d.	10's ... 5½d.
20's ... 11d.	20's ...11d.

The Times

Cigarettes are the pride of Pasquali, just as they are the exclusive choice of connoisseurs everywhere. Made only from specially selected Virginian tobaccos, blended according to the formula known only by Pasquali himself, they are unrivalled in excellence of flavour, and represent perfection.

1/10½ for 25

50 for 3/9; 100 for 7/4

PASQUALI'S have not advanced their prices —and Pasquali's Cigarettes are made from the very choicest tobaccos, graded to suit every taste.

Ask your tobacconist for one of the Brands indicated here. Insist on having one of these. Accept no substitutes. If necessary, send to us direct for your supplies. We will refund postage.

While Pasquali's, the very best cigarettes, remain at the old prices—don't pay more.

Geo de Pasquali & Co.
26/27, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

T.W.M.

Convalescence

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods – Malt, Milk and Eggs – and is the ideal food beverage for convalescents. It is a delicious and highly concentrated extract of the vitalizing and reconstructing elements required to build up the system.

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

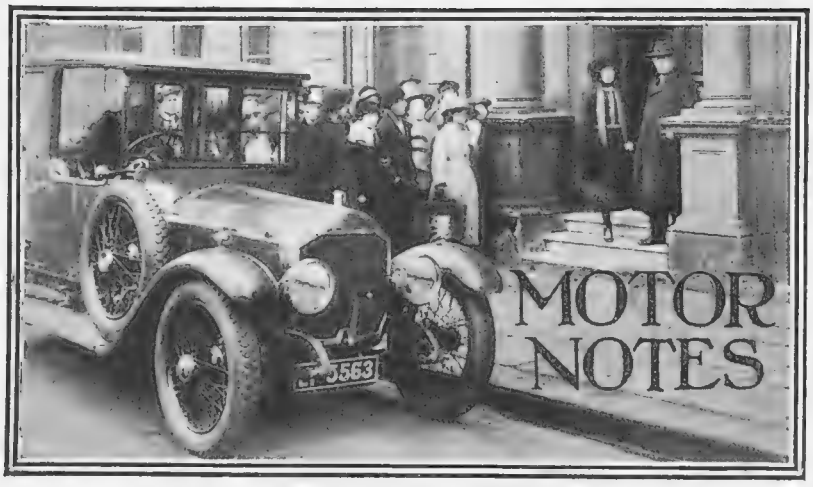
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

A Pearl of Wisdom

IT is an axiom in speculation never to risk more than one is prepared to lose.

Unless you can afford to lose an Oriental necklace it is wiser to invest in Técla Pearls.

Técla
(The London Técla Gem Co. Ltd.)
7 Old Bond Street London
10 Rue de la Paix, Paris



MR. ASQUITH'S NAPIER

The ex-Premier is here seen about to enter one of the latest 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier cars. Owing to the enthusiasm of London students, his own Napier was badly damaged, so he used this post-war one while it was being repaired

As the years roll by it is most amusing to note how the current topics in motoring recur again and again at intervals, just like decimal fractions. And the laughable part of the business is that much is written on them, great discussions take place, yet very little is done to reform the disadvantages that are the subject or subjects that are talked about. Take dazzling headlights, for instance, they still dazzle, although there are numerous methods brought forward to mitigate this nuisance, if that is not too strong a term to apply to it. The R.A.C. had a cut at it many years ago, and we motorists all assembled at the Crystal Palace to witness tests to demonstrate various anti-dazzle devices. But nothing practical really happened, as far as the general usage of such lights was concerned.

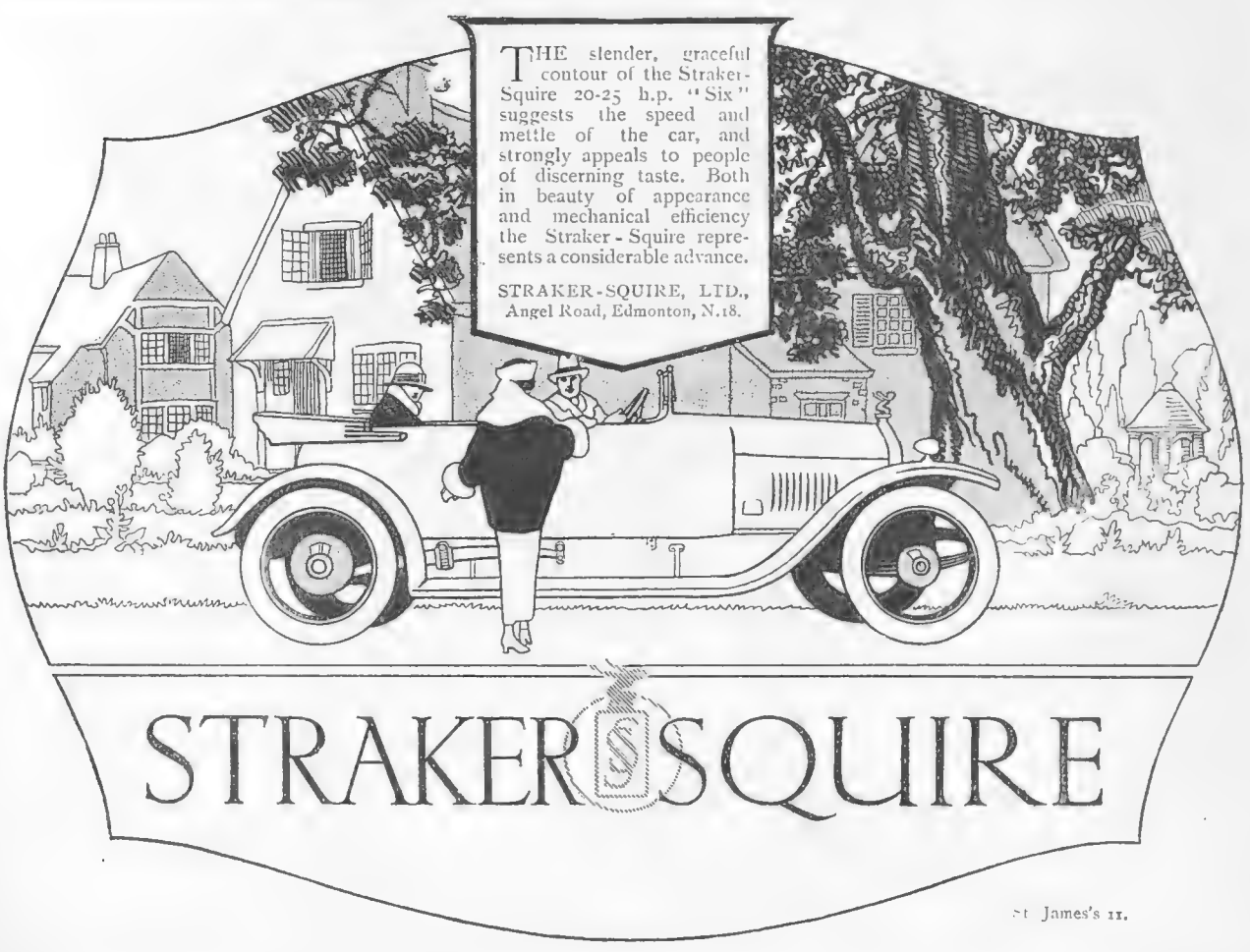
* * *

THEN that old-timer, Mr. Arthur Godwin, of C.A.V.'s, demonstrated that so wonderful were this firm's lights that photographs could be taken with the lamps they provided for cars on the darkest night. That was eight years ago, and, as the dazzle puzzle has now cropped up again, C.A.V. had a demonstration, which took place last Monday, to show the necessity for adopting some device to minimise this, and at the same time give good and efficient light for driving at reasonable speeds. It was a very pleasant evening's amusement, as a party of motorists assembled at the R.A.C. at 5 o'clock, had a pleasant run out into the Surrey lanes, a jolly merry little dinner, and then Mr. D. Elyard Brown, who is on the technical staff of C.A.V., demonstrated a variety of "dimmers" to show that you can get a decent light on the road and yet not blind the car-driver you meet on the way.

* * *

WHETHER any of them will be popularly adopted by the car owners of to-day goodness only knows, but as electric lights are fitted to most cars nowadays one would think that all drivers would switch off their headlights when another car is approaching them, and let their excellent side-lamps of an anti-glare type be sufficient for them until the vehicles have passed each other. But politeness on the road seems fast disappearing, and I can only hope that this C.A.V. demonstration will persuade motorists to adopt one or other of their anti-dazzle effects, or else acquire better road manners.

(*Continued on page 872*)



The Sankey Wheel is unbreakable

for all practical purposes of motoring

Sankey Wheels possess a margin of strength far in excess of any normal requirements. They can withstand the hardest knocks on the road. They stand up to shocks and strains that would shatter a wood or wire wheel to pieces.

Stamped bodily out of two single sheets of steel, the Sankey Wheel is welded into one complete whole. There are no built-up components or brazed joints. That is why Sankey Wheels are able to justify the claim that they are the strongest motor car wheels made.

Specify Sankey Wheels

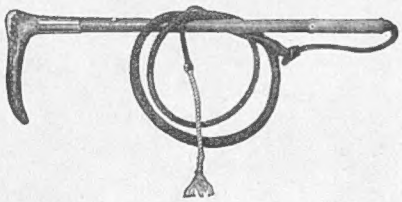
The absolute reliability of your wheels is of the utmost importance. Remember that the wheels carry *all* the weight of your car—they are subject to enormous roadshocks and side stresses.

Let Sankey Wheels carry *your* car. Make sure that Sankey Steel Wheels are listed in the specification.

SANKEY wheels

JOSEPH SANKEY & SONS, LTD., Hadley Castle Works, Wellington, Shropshire.

ZAIR'S HUNTING CROPS



Super Quality Whalebone and Gut (or plaited Kangaroo Hide), stout silver collar, with thong.

Gentlemen's size - -	75/-
Ladies' size (medium) -	57/6
ditto (stout) - -	72/-

Write for Illustrated Price List of Whips of every description.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115 Bishop St., Birmingham.

KELTIE'S GARAGE LTD KENSINGTON 1299.

KELTIE'S KRAZY KATCHES — No. 8.

"Economy dear" said the fat profiteer,
"I've insisted on all through my life".
"I dont buy a car, hiring's cheaper by far,"
"When one has an extravagant wife."
"CYCLOPS"

SMART CARS FOR HIRE FOR — ALL TIMES ALL PURPOSES

WRITE FOR TARIFF NOW TO— KELTIE'S GARAGE LTD 45 QUEENS GATE MEWS GLOUCESTER RD. S.W.7.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

FOR particulars of the former apply to the demonstrators, as space is too precious with paper at its present price for technical descriptions, besides, nine people out of ten would be no wiser than before after they had read them.

* *
*

ANOTHER "recurring decimal" is the home-made fuel question. It fills columns in our journals to-day, yet as it is entirely a business proposition, no one will really get properly to grips with it. I mentioned this to a motoring friend the other day, who happens to be a stockbroker in the intervals of seeking bodily welfare on our roads or swinging his golf clubs on the heaths. He said if I was one of you fellows who could pull the strings of the A.A. and R.A.C. I should get those two bodies to ask each of their members to put up a £10 note each into a common fund to be handled by a small committee.

* *
*

As the A.A. have 106,401 members and the R.A.C. 17,000, that would produce £1,234,010, with which they could quietly get to work and get a controlling interest in all the gas companies who won't make benzol, and then jolly well see that they did so. Then, when this was accomplished on a business footing that produced a fair dividend, I should next have a go in with the big distillers and see what is required in regard to producing commercial alcohol, and have another £10 whip round in order that practical demonstration in producing it would be developed.

* *
*

BY the time that this was done the two leading motoring organisations could then go to the Government in power and say that we are now in the position of supplying so many hundred millions of home-made fuel per annum of mixed benzol and alcohol if you will give us the necessary help by removing the Excise restrictions, which will not only help to relieve the general shortage of oil and petrol for such work as then is absolutely necessary, but give cheaper fuel all round, or at any rate prevent prices rising any higher.

AN 11·9 BEAN CAR

On that road, so well known to ex-soldiers, which runs from Abbeville and Amiens

* *
*

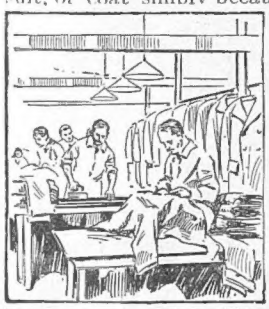
TALKING about Easter reminds me that all the works and concessionaires are up to their eyes trying to satisfy the demands made upon them to "give me my car for Easter," which reach them hourly from their customers. The bright weather lately has made everybody keen to get out on the open road. I know for a fact that Gastons, Ltd., have delivered 300 little Citroen cars already, and Major Cotterill gave me an entirely satisfactory run on one of them last week down to the Ashford (Middlesex) depot. This little four-seater really surprised me, as I did not think it was as good as it is. Mind you, I don't think I should have had this opinion if I had taken a car direct from its French works, but Gastons have arranged a most admirable system at Ashford. First the L.E.P. transport people get the cars from Paris to the sea, ship them to London, and then they are lightered up to Chiswick, where Gastons have a wharf. The cars then are lorried to Ashford, where each car is thoroughly overhauled and adjusted. OLD HY.

The Castlebank Service

What It Means To You

By Donald Howat

WITH clothes at the present price it is reckless extravagance to-day to lay aside a costume, dress, suit, or coat simply because it is stained, soiled or in need of repair. Nine times out of ten you will find you have been too hasty in discarding it. Scotland has long been recognised as the home of Cleaning and Dyeing—and, as any Scottish friend will tell you—Castlebank Dyeworks are regarded as having raised Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing to the level of an Art. They own exclusive rights in the secret "Franco-Barbe" Process of Cleaning and Dyeing—the Lyons invention which has helped the Frenchwoman to lead the World in dress. Until I discovered Castlebank I was too apt to discard clothes simply because they were soiled or showed signs of wear; I know better now, and have made some remarkable savings by sending my soiled suits and overcoats to Castlebank for attention. The intelligent live methods of this firm are seen in their Khaki Conversion Service which has been such a boon to thousands of demobilised officers and men. My advice is THAT FOR A BEGINNING you look out all the clothes—*meantime hanging idle*—that you wore last Summer and let Castlebank show you how these light Suits, Flannels, Golfing Suits, Ladies' Tweeds, Jerseys and Burberries can be put into first-class condition again with Franco-Barbe Cleaning and Repairing.



Post to Dept. B.W. and, after examination, a pro-forma invoice for "Franco-Barbe" Cleaning, or Dyeing, and Repairing will be sent you. *An interesting story price list — Fleur-de-Lys No. 6 —sent free on request. Return postage is paid.*

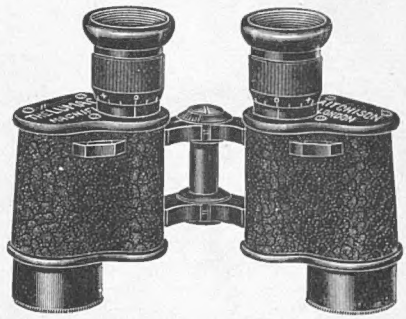
Castlebank Dyeworks
ANNIESLAND GLASGOW

AITCHISON'S
Prism Binoculars

Are the finest glasses ever made for any purpose, and were used on every battlefield in the War.

A Good Binocular doubles the enjoyment of a Holiday.

We also make an extra high power glass with a magnification of X 25 for natural history and long range work, but it is too powerful for ordinary touring use; particulars on application.



	Magnification.	With Eyepiece Focussing.	With Central Focussing
The MARK I *(as illustrated)*	... x 6	£12 10 0	£14 0 0
The LUMAC	... x 8	£13 0 0	£14 10 0
The LUMAC	... x 12	£15 0 0	£16 10 0
The OWL (extra large aperture)	... x 6	£14 0 0	£15 10 0

Prices include best solid leather sling case and lanyard. Call and inspect, or write for Price List No. 10 B.

Trade Mark

AITCHISON & CO., LTD.,
Opticians to the British and Allied Governments.
428, STRAND, W.C. 2.
281 Oxford Street, W.1. 140 Fenchurch St., E.C. 3.
And Branches, LONDON, LEEDS & SWANSEA

Count the Dawson Girls

on the covers at any bookstall, among the advts. in periodicals and on hoardings, and you'll realise the enormous demand for effective sketches of girls' heads.

Advertisers and Printers clamour for "more girls," and the demand is increasing.

Anyone who can make attractive sketches of girls' heads—can also make a very attractive income.

No one knows more of the aims and needs of advertiser and printer than

CHAS. E. DAWSON,

Creator of the Dawson Girl, and founder of Great Britain's FIRST and Greatest Correspondence ART College.

No one has more experience in teaching profitable drawing by post.

His system is the result of his unequalled experience—the success of his course is based on the Empire-wide success of his students. Their success is due to the personal and individual attention, practical criticism, hints and advice that Chas. E. Dawson—himself, gives every Student.

He does not teach so-called comic sketching—but dignified and decorative designing that is more remunerative because it appeals to people of culture and refinement—and leading advertisers.

But he teaches Black and White, Silhouettes, Wood-cutting, Lettering, Water-colour, Landscape and Portraiture, how to make saleable sketches for reproduction, by all processes—and how to sell them.

His Course is not for the average person, but for those with some natural ability. He has helped so many other "Bystander" readers to sell their work by post, *why not YOU?*

Expert opinion FREE.

Anyway, it costs nothing to get into touch with him—to have the benefit of his advice and expert opinion, and particulars of present opportunities Free

Send small specimen sketch, preferably Girl's Head, with stamp for return, to Chas. E. Dawson, the Practical Correspondence College, Ltd., 96 Thanet House, Strand, and he will write you frankly and fully about your chance of success.

It is easier to teach those with some previous training or unusual ability, and for them a few Scholarship Courses (reduced fees in small instalments) are reserved.

IF YOU CAN DRAW THIS DAWSON GIRL

You can learn—and earn while learning—to illustrate Posters, Covers, Advts. &c.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment To H.M. the King.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Softens Hard Water.
Invaluable for Toilet and Domestic Purposes.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Cleans Plate, Jewellery, and Carpets.

Price 1/4 per Bottle.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford Street, London, S.E.1

Motor Mascots

DAINTY and Artistic Mascots, specially designed by one of England's leading Sculptors. Apart from their Artistic Merit, the workmanship and finish are of the finest quality, making them a worthy ornament for High-class Cars.

"Pixie" 5½" high. Cast in solid metal.

Polished Brass. £3 3 0
Silver Plated . £3 5 0
Post free from the sole manufacturers.

THOMAS, GRAY & CO.
199, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Femina

Imagination in Domestic Architecture

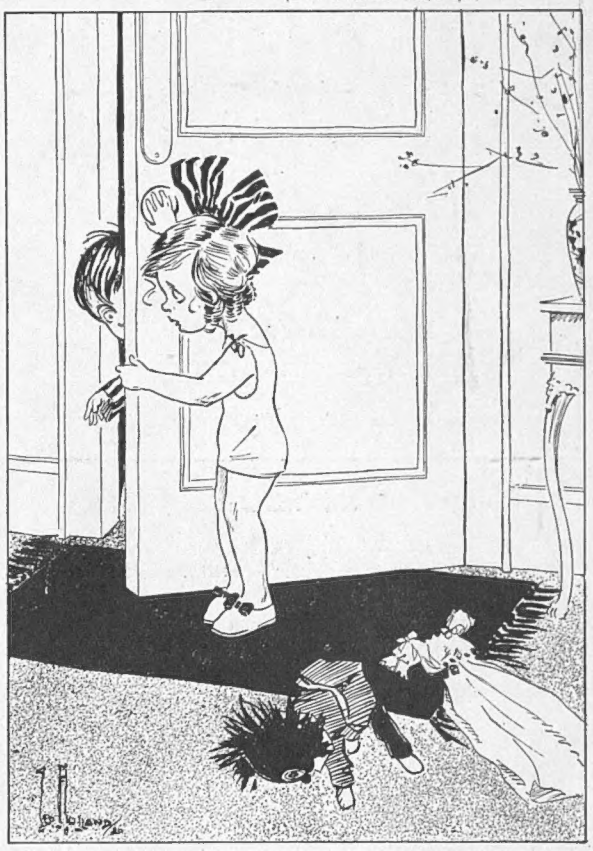
By MRS. M. VINCE

EIGHT years ago the Architectural Association of London held a debate on "Women as Architects"—and treated the subject as a riotous joke. It was the one debate of the year to which women were admitted, so that they were privileged to be present and hear themselves made fun of. The architect who opened the debate did not trouble, from beginning to end, to be serious. He was certain that houses built by women would contain nothing but cupboards, and that the fashions in roofs would change every year like the fashions in hats. Much of it was very good fun, but it now seems very antiquated fun. No one now thinks it comic that women should build houses, and the Architectural Association itself admits women students on the same terms as men. Everyone is agreed that women's domestic experience, when applied to architecture, may put an end to many of the inconveniences which the last generation had to endure. In fact, the tendency now is rather to go to the other extreme and expect too much of domestic experience. For it will not build comfortable houses unaided, and the truth is that women, with all their domestic experience, can, and do, make the same absurd mistakes as men—if they have not imagination. That is the essential thing in architecture as in any other art, and no amount of domestic experience will ever make up for the want of it.

AND what is imagination in domestic architecture? It is simply the power of living in a house as you plan it, just as a man lives in a book as he writes it. But it must be imagination of a very special and practical kind. It must be very vigilant, and at work on every detail. For it is put to the most stringent of all tests. People will live in the house when it is built.

IT is amazing what ludicrous mistakes—as they seem afterwards—architects have made. There is a certain hospital where the meals are run along in trolleys for a quarter of a mile, because the architect forgot the kitchens. Another architect once designed a series of music-rooms as a special feature of a girls' school. They were to be most up-to-date music-rooms. He put them at the top of the house, and gave them all sound-proof walls and doors, so that half a dozen girls might practise at the same time, and no one be disturbed by them. But he

(Continued on page 876)



BY GEORGE HOLLAND

PROPRIETY IN THE NURSERY

LITTLE SISTER (*who has been told by her mother that her little brother must not see her in her nightdress*): "You can tum in now, Fweddie—I've tooked it off!"